THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1892.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

MR. FREDERICK GREENWOOD'S article in the *Fortnightly Review* on "the GLADSTONE-HARTINGTON controversy" calls for a word of comment in these columns. With regard to MR. GREENWOOD'S general contention we have nothing to say. For many years past MR. GREENWOOD has been filled with the belief that MR. GLADSTONE is a standing menace to the honour and the security of the United Kingdom, and we need hardly say that this is the *thesis* which he propounds once more in the pages of the *Fortnightly*. But in writing (with scrupulous fairness and characteristic honesty) regarding the controversy which has recently been waged between THE SPEAKER and sundry persons and journals attached to the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, MR. GREENWOOD has unwittingly fallen into error, and will doubtless forgive us for correcting him. We do not of course pretend to decide whether he is in error or not when he declares that at the close of the controversy regarding LORD HARTINGTON'S action in 1880 "the all but universal impression was that THE SPEAKER was entirely wrong and its opponents superlatively right." If it be so, it only proves that the majority of men, including the majority of the frequenters of Pall Mall, are what MR. CARLYLE once declared most men to be. MR. GREENWOOD, who is the reverse of a fool, does not, of course, share the "all but universal impression." On the contrary, he bluntly states that it is "a false one in both particulars." We imagine that this is now the "all but universal impression" even of the silliest of the silly people who allowed themselves to be misled by the impudent misrepresentations of MR. R. B. BRETT and the clumsy blundering of the journalists (Gladstonian as well as Unionist), who sought to discredit our statement. As a matter of fact, that statement was true in every particular—literally true; and the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, not by his silence alone, has admitted its truth.

ALL this, however, is beside the mark; for all well-informed people now acknowledge that THE SPEAKER in this matter was right and its antagonists wrong. But MR. GREENWOOD has gone astray on two points on which we may venture to correct him. In the first place, he speaks of the recent controversy as having been "originated by THE SPEAKER." This is not the case. It was originated by the *Times* when it attacked MR. GLADSTONE for his "want of gratitude" to LORD HARTINGTON. We only intervened to show that this attack was groundless. Next, MR. GREENWOOD is acting under a mistaken idea when he states that we accused LORD HARTINGTON of "disloyalty." The word "loyalty" was not introduced into the discussion by us. It was imported into it by the *Times*. From first to last we never charged LORD HARTINGTON with being "disloyal" to MR. GLADSTONE in 1880. All we did was to show that the statement of the *Times* regarding the "rare loyalty" of LORD HARTINGTON to MR. GLADSTONE was based upon a delusion. If the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE disputes our assertion on this point, we shall be prepared to prove it on incontrovertible evidence.

THE American Government has gone far to spoil an excellent case by electioneering bluster; but there is no doubt that the demand from Washington for the renewal of the *modus vivendi* in Behring Sea—that is to say, the suspension of the seal fishery pending the arbitration—was in principle sound. LORD SALISBURY has conceded it, with the perfectly reasonable proviso that, in the event of the arbitrators' award being unfavourable to the United States, the Canadian fishermen shall be indemnified. This arrangement is not popular in Canada, where the fishermen want to get the season's seal catch without any restrictions; but it is clear that arbitration without a provisional agreement would have increased the exasperation on both sides.

THE Indian Councils Bill marks the beginning of an important reform in the administration of our great dependency. The Bill provides for the expression of native opinion both in the Supreme Council and the Provincial Councils. The great advantage of this system will be that native criticism, especially of Indian finance, will find a more dignified and effectual vent than in the embittered columns of the vernacular Press. Anything in the nature of autonomy in India may be incompatible with British rule; but a well-considered scheme for giving native representatives a voice in the government of their country, even if this be unaccompanied by any active control, must have a beneficial effect on the Indian mind.

VERY likely the principle of compulsion may eventually have to be introduced into the Irish Land Purchase system. Indeed, the comparative failure of MR. BALFOUR'S Act, if only the Government had more than a few months to live, would perhaps convert them. But the objections to it are the same as those to their policy on Land Purchase altogether. As it is, MR. BALFOUR'S Act, applied extensively, may be sufficiently injurious to British credit and finance. Before extending its application, the British taxpayer will require to be convinced by very cogent reasons indeed.

THE proposed Convention of Ulster Loyalists at Whitsuntide should cause more apprehension to the present Government than to anyone else. It may lead to rioting at Belfast; otherwise it will but serve as a useful safety-valve for those protests to which most of the Tory members for Ulster are unable or unwilling to give expression on English platforms. The Roman Catholic Parliament to which "Ulster will never submit" will certainly contain, like Legislatures in other Roman Catholic countries, a large party which, though not anti-Catholic, will be democratic and fiercely anti-Clerical. It is here that the safety of Ulster is to be sought, rather than in futile shouts of "No Popery."

IF a statement of facts appearing in *Truth* this week may be relied on, it is clear that there should be an early investigation into the conduct of the Chaplain-General of the Forces. According to the story told in *Truth*, the Chaplain-General is making use of his official position in order to introduce ritualistic practices (and presumably ritualistic doctrine) throughout the military chapels. This is clearly an abuse of his authority, and one which the

DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, if he is a wise man, will stop forthwith. The maintenance of religious worship in British barracks throughout the world is paid for by the British people as a whole, and it is manifestly wrong to apply the money of the nation for the support of practices and doctrines which are approved of by a mere minority of the taxpayers. This is not all of the wrong-doing that is charged against the Chaplain-General. It is stated in *Truth* that a particular chaplain who objected to the ritualistic practices of his chief has been forced out of the service, on the pretext that he has, contrary to regulations, written to the newspapers, whilst the Chaplain-General himself and his friends have written, not one, but many, letters to the Press in defence of the Chaplain-General's proceedings. We cannot, of course, vouch for the accuracy of these statements, but if they are correct we trust that the attention of Parliament will be called to the matter.

THE obstinacy of the War Office is incurable. Nothing could be simpler than to issue a general order stating what emblems might be worn by the troops, and on what occasions. This would put an end at once to the controversy about the shamrock, in which the War Office has certainly not shone. But a simple expedient does not suit the views of red tape. So we are told that the Commander-in-Chief does not see fit to interfere with the discretion of commanding officers—this discretion being the source of the whole trouble.

IN the Telephone debate SIR JAMES FERGUSSON raised a pathetic wail over the difficulties of State employment. He said the Post Office ought not to extend its area, because that would involve the increase of its staff; and an increased staff would mean that meddlesome members of the House of Commons would prevent the Postmaster-General from sweating his servants to the lowest point of the labour market. There is a growing disposition to insist that men employed by public authorities shall be decently paid. The London County Council has honourably distinguished itself by acting on the principle which fills SIR JAMES FERGUSSON with horror. But whatever may be the progress of State Socialism, we may be quite certain that the Post Office will be the last to adopt this shocking innovation of paying its employés something better than a starvation wage.

THE poll on the continuance of the Durham miners' strike, which was taken early this week, shows majorities varying from two to ten, and even twenty to one, in favour of a continuance of "play." All that can be said is that the men will soon discover their mistake. The Durham coal-field is probably nearer exhaustion than the rest—indeed, this probability has been used this week as an argument for the new railway which is to invade St. John's Wood and build its terminus hotel in the rural district adjoining Maida Hill—and now that the mines are flooded, and their galleries getting choked and out of repair, many of them will hardly be worth reopening. Under the circumstances, there is some excuse for the attempt of the Executive to disregard the result.

THE announcement that the Government of Queensland intends to propose a measure, in the interest of the sugar-planters, for the renewal of the importation of Kanaka labour which was suspended in 1890, calls for some active and practical protest. As hitherto practised, the system at its worst has amounted to a revival of the slave trade —with the aggravation that the victims were obtained by fraud and not by force. The abuses, as the Premier of Queensland states, may have been "reduced to a minimum" when the system was discontinued; but they assuredly cannot be stopped altogether. No amount of inspection will completely protect (for instance) the coolies in the tea-gardens of Assam; and the inspectors of a Colonial Government cannot act with anything like the same freedom as those of the despotic Government of India. Moreover, the Kanaka, unlike some other coloured races, is specially susceptible to European diseases and drinks. He has not the toughness of the negro; even the habit of wearing clothes tends to give him consumption; and he is hardly more fit for steady work than the West Indians at the time of the discoveries of COLUMBUS. Chinese are presumably out of the question; but why not the coolies from British India, who have done so much for the West Indies and Guiana? or Malays, who have not objected to migrate to the Cape?

THE fall in silver has been accompanied this week by a considerable decline in the market for American railroad securities. Here in London there is a very general fear that people in the United States may refuse to take silver certificates or silver notes, that gold in consequence may go to a premium, and that in this way a disastrous crisis may be brought on. But as yet there is no evidence of any distrust in the United States. The Treasury is redeeming the new notes paid for silver in gold on presentation, and while that continues to be done the notes will be freely accepted by everyone. As for the silver certificates, they are in the hands of the general public, and there is no sign yet that the general public is in the least alarmed. The market appears to be influenced much more by the want of new buyers than by any alarm respecting silver. In the foreign market there has been some recovery, and generally prices are wonderfully well maintained, considering the magnitude of the lock-up in France and Germany, and the serious difficulties of so many Continental countries. Brazil is still in a dangerous state, but there are signs of undoubted recovery in Argentina. Indian rupee paper is depressed, chiefly by the fall in silver. Doubtless, the drought and the necessity the Government is under to spend largely upon relief works, also have some influence upon the market.

THE directors of the Bank of England made no change in their rate of discount this week, although in some quarters it was expected that they would do so. Next week the interest on the National Debt will be paid, and the general expectation is that money will continue plentiful and cheap for months to come, as trade is falling off and speculation is utterly absent. But for the moment the Bank has been able to do a large business. At the end of every quarter there are always large demands for loans, and this week the Stock Exchange settlement has increased those demands. The price of silver, which, as stated elsewhere, fell to 39d. per ounce on Monday, recovered on Thursday to 39$\frac{1}{2}$d. per ounce. India has begun buying again, and apparently a strong effort is being made by speculators in the United States to support the market; but whether there will now be a further advance or another sharp fall nobody ventures to predict, for nobody knows how cheaply silver can be produced. The best opinion seems to be that, while many mines can produce at a good profit even at present prices, very many others are losing heavily, and that therefore much further fall is improbable; while after a short time a recovery is likely. Meanwhile, losses in all directions are very great, and are not merely causing some uneasiness in the Money Market, but also are disorganising trade.

CLEARING THE DECKS.

MR. MORLEY'S speech at Sale on Wednesday had one clear and undeniable merit. It went straight to the root of matters, and swept aside all the trivialities and absurdities over which too many men on both sides in politics are too apt to dwell. When is the Dissolution to take place? That was the question which Mr. Morley propounded, and it is at this moment the only question which it is really worth the while of politicians to discuss. We are sorry to see that this is not, apparently, the opinion of all the leading men on the front Opposition bench. Some of them seem to labour under the delusion that a policy of delay will suit the interests of the Liberals even better than it will serve the purposes of the Tories. That may be true enough: and yet the broad fact will still remain that it is the duty of every genuine Liberal to do what he can to bring the political contest to the final issue of a general election at the earliest possible moment. The state of Ireland, the state of Parliamentary business so far as Great Britain is concerned, the condition of public opinion, regard for constitutional usage, and the age of the Liberal leader, are all matters which we are bound to take into account when we seek to form an estimate of the situation, and they all give weight and urgency to the demand for a dissolution. We are glad, therefore, to find that Mr. Morley, at all events, is earnest in this matter, and that he has not yielded to the half-hearted policy of those among us who seem to like the idea of an early Dissolution almost as little as Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour do.

Nor does Mr. Morley confine himself to giving his own opinion in favour of an early Dissolution. He indicates clearly enough how Ministers themselves can be compelled to fall in with that opinion and to act upon it. This he does by recalling the attention of the world to the fact, which most persons seem to have forgotten, that there is at present before the House of Commons a Local Government Bill for Ireland upon the fate of which the fate of the Ministry ought also to depend. That Bill, promised for years past, was brought in several weeks ago with all the pomp which befitted the introduction of the chief measure of the Session. Where is it now? Never before has a Bill of this character and importance been hung up at this early stage in its existence so long as the Irish Local Government Bill has been. We can only ask, What are the real intentions of Ministers with regard to it? If they have virtually dropped it, they ought not only to state the fact to the country, but they ought forthwith to dissolve. No Government which had admitted so great a humiliation as the absolute failure in its earliest stage of the chief measure of the Session has any right to remain in office a single day after making that admission, except for the purpose of appealing to the country. But for the present Mr. Balfour is not prepared to admit that his extraordinary effort in constructive legislation was killed at the moment of its birth by the ridicule of the Opposition and the contemptuous indifference of the Ministerialists. If he will not admit this fact he is bound to proceed without unnecessary delay with his measure. If he does so, we may rest assured that the Dissolution will be upon us long before this Bill of seventy-eight clauses has had a chance of being properly discussed in the House of Commons. Mr. Morley had no need to utter even the faintest hint of obstruction in order to make it clear to the country that the position of Ministers, if they should determine to persevere with their Local Government Bill, is absolutely hopeless.

We have only to compare Mr. Morley's speech with those delivered on the same day by Mr. Chamberlain in order to see in what different moods Liberals and Unionists (so-called) are clearing the decks for action. On Mr. Morley's side there was not only the demand for an early engagement with the enemy, but a clear enunciation of the reasons which make him confident of victory. Mr. Chamberlain, on the other hand, speaks like a man who knows that he is doomed to lose the battle, and who has already lost his temper. Certainly he may be forgiven for having felt depressed by his surroundings on Wednesday. In a room half empty he found himself addressing a little knot of insignificant persons who represent the sacred cause of Unionism among the Nonconformists of England. They are, in truth, a select band, and, like most things which the auctioneers describe as select, they are exceedingly rare. The Nonconformists of England have almost to a man followed Mr. Gladstone in the great attempt in which he is engaged to do justice to Ireland; and in this case, at all events, it cannot be said that they have merely given blind obedience to a leader whom they trust. The "new departure" in the Liberal policy towards Ireland is, at least, no new departure in the principles professed by the Nonconformists of England. Throughout their history as a political power, alike in times of strength and in times of depression, they have consistently upheld the doctrine that righteousness is as much to be desired and followed by the nation as by the individual, and that the golden rule of conduct applies to the acts of Legislatures as well as to those of men and women. In their case the adoption of the new policy towards Ireland meant really the removal of the last stain upon their consistency as politicians. At length, through the action of Mr. Gladstone, they were enabled to feel that the principles which they had for generations applied in their dealings with every other political question could now be applied to the one problem which had hitherto been regarded as standing apart. It was their consciousness of this fact which caused them to rally with so much enthusiasm to Mr. Gladstone's support. Mr. Chamberlain is really to be pitied for having had to stand up before the little body of dissentient Dissenters on Wednesday, and to make believe that he was addressing the Nonconformists of England.

We hardly care to refer to the deplorable outburst of temper which characterised his second speech on Wednesday. The extent to which the Unionists have lost their self-control in view of their impending defeat has been made strikingly manifest of late. It was illustrated very unmistakably in their rabid outbreak of mendacious invective and libellous insinuation against this journal, because of its having dared to state a simple fact regarding the Duke of Devonshire, which nobody acquainted with the truth has ventured to deny, and which everybody now knows to have been set forth with absolute accuracy in these pages. Now it is the *Daily News* which falls under the ban of a leading Unionist, and in this case, as in that of THE SPEAKER, the assailant forgets the ordinary rules of controversy and makes a personal attack upon a gentleman who, so far as he knew, was absolutely guiltless of the offence imputed to him. Mr. Paul, as it happens, did not write the article which has provoked Mr. Chamberlain to this foolish and undignified outbreak of temper. If he had written it, there was nothing in the article of which he had any reason to be ashamed, and nothing that could justify Mr. Chamberlain's bitterness. But the beaten Unionists, whether in the press or on the platform, are now giving the clearest proof of their own consciousness of defeat by the venomous bitterness with which, on even the

slightest pretext, they are turning upon those in whom they recognise their most determined opponents. In their eagerness to strike at those whom they thus hate, they are trampling the conventional decencies of debate under foot, and are trying to obscure a great question of national policy by importing into it those paltry and libellous personalities which should have no place in grave political discussions.

PARTIAL PAYMENT OF MEMBERS.

THE debate upon Mr. Fenwick's motion of March 25th did not, perhaps, throw any very fresh light on the subject under discussion, but the public has little cause to complain of the temper in which the resolution was received by the House of Commons. Those who spoke in its support kept happily clear of exaggeration and claptrap; while Lord Elcho's jocular criticism was but faintly acidulated, and the more serious and argumentative opposition of Mr. Balfour was presented in a perfectly moderate form, with careful avoidance of personal offence. That no less than 281 names should have been missing from the full roll of the House will not surprise anybody who has been sitting by the deathbed of the present Parliament; nor will such an observer fall into the error of assuming that the comparatively meagre figures of the division list imply either a widespread indifference to the subject, or a pleasing delicacy in the minds of absent Members in the matter of voting a subsidy to themselves. The main strength of Mr. Fenwick's supporters lay in the fact that the object which his resolution proposed to secure—the return of a larger body of working-men Members of Parliament—is one which commends itself to politicians of every colour. At any rate, there is no party which would venture to maintain the contrary opinion on a public platform; and, it being thus agreed that the constituency which returns a Labour Member deserves well of the country, it is but one step further to admit the ungraciousness of throwing upon such a constituency the perpetual charge of its Member's maintenance.

The annual payment of £365 which was suggested by the mover of the resolution would, perhaps, be generally deemed sufficient, except by the legendary personage who "thought that everybody had seven hundred a year." Certainly it could scarcely be thought excessive; but, at the same time, it is no light matter to cast upon the public purse an annual liability of £244,550, and it may be worth while to consider whether it is not possible to roast the animal without burning down the whole house, or, in other words, whether some scheme for partial payment of Members may not be found practicable. Had Mr. Fenwick's motion been carried, this question would have been raised, it is understood, by Mr. Roby, although it was curtly dismissed by preceding speakers with little more than a passing allusion. As a matter of fact, the point appears to be simply this: assuming that poor Members are to be paid, what proportion are such Members likely in the future to bear to the whole number of the House of Commons? In all probability the proportion, for many years to come, will not be very large. Those who maintain the contrary view must either forget, or prefer to ignore, the undoubted preference which constituencies show for a well-to-do Member, even under the most extended franchise which can be designed. Such a preference does not, of course, outweigh or even seriously qualify, considerations of political agreement; but given equality of capacity, and identity of views in material matters, the richer candidate will generally be found the more acceptable. A purist may regret the fact, but it is not altogether a subject for amazement; at any rate, the hopes of chapel-builders and bazaar-holders are less ignoble than those of place-seekers under some systems of popular government, where the personal means of a candidate may become a less important consideration than his supposed power of perpetrating jobs in the interest of his constituents. But if this view be correct, and the number of poor Members is therefore likely to remain relatively small, it may fairly be argued that it would be a waste of public money to endow the well-to-do majority. As against this, it is contended that to pay some Members and not others would be to affix a "stigma of pauperism" upon the recipients of a salary; and further, that a wealthy candidate would obtain an undue advantage in wooing a constituency, by declaring with a fine flourish that he would refuse, if elected, to become a burden upon the struggling taxpayer.

But has either of these arguments in reality any very great value? With regard to the former, does not the admission of a possible "stigma of pauperism" involve acceptance of the very proposition which advocates of payment are concerned to reject, that the recipient of such a salary is doing something of which he ought to be ashamed? For surely, unless it be shameful to be poor, it is not shameful to accept the payment on the ground of poverty; unless it be shameful thus to receive public money at all, when it will not be less shameful because everybody else, including a number of very rich men, does the same. As a matter of fact, everybody knows that it will not be shameful; nor is it to be supposed that any human being will think less highly of Mr. Burt, if he should receive a payment of £365 a year, merely because no similar sum is assigned to Mr. Holden or to Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild. The second contention—that a rich candidate would thus be too favourably handicapped at an election—seems to be equally ill-founded. If a needy Member were obliged to receive payment from local rates, there is no doubt that a rich opponent, were he mean enough, might be able to make some wretched capital out of an ostentatious refusal to burden his neighbours with the cost of a yearly contribution to his Parliamentary support. But it can hardly be imagined that any constituency would be greatly impressed by the prospect of saving a trivial sum to the general resources of the country. The most rudimentary sense of humour would prevent a candidate from claiming support on such grounds. Whereas, if every Member were paid as a matter of course, a man who stood on his money-bags could produce the exact effect which it is desired to prevent—not by returning his salary to the Treasury as "conscience money," but by the cheap munificence of distributing it among local charities. As was observed above, wealth must inevitably carry a certain weight in determining the result of a Parliamentary election; one has only to be grateful that the advantage is not greater than it is, or than it will continue to be, even when a much-needed measure has been passed to relieve candidates from all the immediate expenses of contesting a constituency.

The most reasonable method, then, of determining the question would seem to be as follows. Every Member of Parliament should be empowered, after election, to address a formal request to the Speaker for the Parliamentary grant of £365, or of whatever sum may be considered to meet the necessities of the case. In all probability, very little notice would be taken throughout the country of the personality of the applicants: to ask would be no degradation; not to ask would be no credit; and the required sum would be voted each

year without question. This state of affairs would hold good so long as the composition of the House of Commons remains somewhat as at present. If the day should come when the large majority of Members are poor men, and when country gentlemen, successful barristers, and wealthy men of business are no longer sent to Westminster, it will probably be found advisable to dispense with the rule of application, and to pay all Members as a matter of course. Meanwhile, there can be no reason why payment should be confined to Labour Members strictly so called. No doubt there are many able men—ex-Cabinet Ministers, barristers rising but not risen, journalists, farmers, persons in a small way of business to whom a public career means a serious pecuniary loss—who might with excellent reason apply for the grant. On the other hand, there will for some time to come be many who find an honest pleasure in serving their country for nothing—surely not the least respectable luxury of a luxurious age. The suggestion may be stamped with the "blessed word" Anomaly by fervent apostles of equality who conceive that by adding equals to unequals the wholes can be made equal. It will possibly be approved by admirers of our curious British custom of applying to each difficulty as it arises the exact remedy which fits the case, without great regard to the symmetrical perfection which theory demands.

THE DYNAMITE SCARE IN PARIS.

THE explosion in the Rue de Clichy and other wild doings of the Anarchists have made the people of Paris lose their heads. There is a universal sense of alarm, and a demand for all sorts of precautionary and penal measures. Though natural enough, this feeling will not, we are confident, last long. The explosive effects of dynamite are prodigious; its power to do mischief is very limited; and the Parisians will soon be as little afraid as were the people of London after several almost ludicrously unsuccessful attempts made here to blow up our public buildings. When the chemists of the middle ages discovered potent poisons, unbounded fears prevailed in almost every country for a time as to the new dangers to human life. This terror did not endure. It was found that murder was not much easier than before; and the experience is similar as to the efficacy for destruction of the weapons which modern chemistry has placed in the hands of the conspirator and incendiary. A passer-by may be injured, and windows may be broken, by an explosion; but, whether from want of skill on the part of the operators, or their desire to hurry from the scene, the damage done is rarely proportionate to the extent of the preparations. The bombs, worked by ingenious clockwork, produced in this country in 1881, 1882, 1884, and 1885—the years when such outrages were common here—ridiculously small results. The French Chamber has taken severe measures against the criminals. The new law extends the penalty of death to those who destroy by explosives houses, shops, bridges, and even furniture; the placing of an explosive with criminal intent upon a highway is to be punished as an attempt to murder; and there is a talk of forming an international league against dynamitards. Not from an inadequate sense of the enormity of the offences, but from a belief that the power and number of the miscreants in Paris are exaggerated, we doubt whether this alarm is well founded, or these measures are needed.

The air of mystery surrounding the Anarchists helps to make them seem more formidable than they really are. There are Anarchists and Anarchists; and those who trust to the bomb and the dagger are, and must be in free countries, very few. Neither in English, nor, so far as we know, in German, is there any satisfactory account of the history, tenets, and tendencies of the militant, aggressive section of Continental Socialists who, led by men of the stamp of Bakunin, Reinsdorf, and Most, wage war against society. Their exact doctrines are far from clear, even to themselves. "Anarchy," said a well-known representative of the party, in a statement of their creed which is more lucid than most, "is a free society, where there is no concentrated or centralised power, no state, no king, no ruler, no government, no magistrate, no potentate of any character whatever. Law is the enslaving power of man. Law-enacting is an insult to divine intelligence, and law-enforcing is the impeachment of God's integrity and His power." These sentences express, in a rhetorical fashion, a political and economical theory entertained by a few enthusiasts—an ideal of a state of nature such as Rousseau dreamed of; a theory as hostile to most socialistic plans as to the present order of things. The anarchism of Bakunin has found few followers. We know that he steadily opposed Marx, who thought him the most dangerous enemy of the working classes, and that he was eventually expelled from the "International." To the history of Socialism since the time of Lassalle and Marx there is one encouraging side—it has cast out those who declared themselves free to use every crime to compass their ends. As it has grown in power, it has become more and more pacific in its means. Here and there, as in Chicago, there might be a cluster of desperate men, who would stick at nothing. They have been isolated and powerless. The document read in Court on Wednesday at the trial of the alleged Anarchists at Stafford Assizes declares that "it is necessary to put down all political, military, or religious authority, as well as all those law manufacturers, it is absolutely necessary to burn the churches, palaces, convents, soldier-barracks, prefectures, lawyers' and barristers' offices, fortresses, prisons, and to destroy entirely all that have lived until now by business work without contributing to it." What proof is there that these maniacal sentiments have a hundred supporters in France or England? Ravachol, who has been captured by the Paris police, seems to be a coiner and a thief as well as a murderer, and one of those rogues, never wanting in any community, who try to mask their criminal instincts by talk about Anarchy and the wrongs done by Society. It may be well doubted whether conspirators of the stamp of Reinsdorf, who acquired twenty years ago a certain *prestige* by his readiness to use the dagger or the bomb for political purposes, are now possible. The notion that in France Anarchists of this stamp abound appears to originate in the panic of the hour. The probability is that the outrages are so many episodes in a vendetta waged against all concerned in the prosecutions of certain extreme Socialists. In Paris there are still a few Communists who, far from repenting of anything which they did, hold that the brightest moment in the world's history was that in which they were in possession of the city. From time to time the reports of French courts of justice tell us of people who, charged with theft, say, "I am no thief; I am a *restitutionnaire*," and justify acts of violence by their hatred of society. In the ranks of the various French Socialistic parties—"Bakuninists," "Blanquists," "Possibilists," etc.—may be a few desperate men who think that in petroleum and dynamite is their hope. In the list of persons whom the French Government have decided to expel from

Paris is a very large percentage of Italian names; and we suspect that the recent prosecutions of members of secret societies have drafted from Italy some recruits to the lawless elements in Paris. But we decline to believe on the faith of Parisian journals, writing in a mood of excitement, that their city is the head-quarters of a large army of Thugs.

A CABINET FOR LONDON?

LORD ROSEBERY'S highly interesting proposal for adding a Cabinet to the imperfect administrative machinery of the London County Council may not be carried in the form in which he has suggested it, but it is in any case a notable instance of the growth of the spirit of local government. It is something for a statesman of Cabinet rank, with a not distant reversion to the Premiership, and with the prestige of a successful Foreign Ministry wreathing a still youthful head, to be labouring to give neglected London the form and substance of full municipal liberties. The proposal has the additional importance which it receives from the prospect that the second London County Council, which begins as a glorified vestry, may end as a veritable Parliament. Mr. Gladstone is in sight of power, and Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues have just emphasised, by the mouth of Mr. Morley, their intention of bringing London into line with the most advanced level of municipal extension that the English citizen has yet attained. The question will then inevitably arise, whether the forms provided by the pinched and narrow mould of the Local Government Act of 1888 will in any way avail for the abounding life of an awakened city-nation of nearly five million souls. For it must be remembered that the Council must inevitably be relieved of the shackles which Parliament, the Local Government Board, and the Treasury have all laid upon it. Its powers of initiating policy will be immensely stimulated. Its control over the industrial life and the social well-being of its vast constituency will be greatly enlarged. Above all, its administrative task will be enormously complicated, and the resources of its 150 odd members will be taxed to the uttermost. We doubt whether a new and vivified Council will be able to keep within its old numerical bounds. If not, and if, after the establishment of District Councils, London asks for a Supreme Council of 200 members, we may very well anticipate the time when, in place of a chairman of the almost demoniac tact and address of Lord Rosebery, armed with large powers, and reserving to himself others, by sheer force of a commanding intelligence, the Council may require a directing Executive body, or, at least, a kind of Chairman's Committee, framed on the lines of the Lord Provost's Committee in the Edinburgh Town Council.

The question no doubt remains whether the time is yet ripe for such a departure. On this point the Special Committee of the Council, which has had Lord Rosebery's scheme before it, seems to be somewhat sharply divided. Mr. Burns, in his powerful article in the *Nineteenth Century* for April, clearly indicates his objections, and the probability is that he carries other considerable members of the Council with him. The main difficulty appears to lie in the relations between the proposed Cabinet, whether as an initiatory or a vetoing power, and the Committees. Now it is certain that the late Mr. Firth, who was mainly responsible for the arrangement of Committees on the old Council, and who did his work supremely well, contemplated the prospect of London being able to get its business transacted by a series of small specialist bodies, practically acting as heads of various departments of administration. Nor, looking back on the record of the last three years, can it be said that the experiment has been a failure. The Committees have developed a name for administrative ability of the highest value and significance; they have taken a keen interest in their work, and their habit of minute personal inspection of their duties, while here and there it has led to excess of zeal, has been of great benefit to London. Would it be wise to deprive these bodies of their habit of initiating proposals and presenting them for adoption and supervision by the whole Council? At some future time it may be necessary to limit their powers; the point is whether the useful process of educating individual Councillors in the business of London government has as yet gone far enough. Take a special instance. Suppose the Council contemplates the purchase of a new park for London, which would be the better body to initiate and carry on the necessary negotiations—a Cabinet Committee, with a roving commission to take up the main threads of the Council's policy, or a body of experts specially chosen with a view to their knowledge of land valuation, the local needs for open spaces, and the best manner of approaching land owners and local governing bodies? In other words, would there not be a danger, on the one hand, of the Cabinet wrongly overriding the Committees, or, on the other, of becoming their mere formal echo and expression?

The interesting historic parallel of the development of the "Cabal" and the rise of the modern Imperial Cabinet has no doubt suggested itself to Lord Rosebery and to other minds. It has its points of suggestion; but its authors will not, of course, have forgotten that the Imperial Parliament is arranged on a different pattern from the London County Council. The House of Commons is not an aggregation of committees in touch with permanent officials. It is a mere loose, formless debating assembly, which cannot even discharge its traditional constitutional duty of supervising the national expenditure. Even its Ways and Means Committee is a committee of the whole House, not a small and specially constituted body like the Council's Finance Committee. A contrary development is seen in the American Congress, which, having no immediate personal relations with the President and his Ministers, has had to split up its work among committees, and to proceed on lines not strikingly dissimilar from those of the London County Council. It is here, therefore, that the chief dilemma appears to present itself. Nor do we feel confident that the interesting suggestion that the new Cabinet shall meet the Council at private meetings disposes of the difficulty. At present the Council works like bees in a glass hive, in full sight of its masters. The practice has its inconveniences, which we cannot but think have been balanced by large public advantages. Has the time arrived when it need be essentially qualified? That is the problem which Lord Rosebery has set before the Council with his usual luminous force. The controversy will, we hope, be thoroughly threshed out, with a view not simply to the requirements of the moment, but to the demands of the "freer hour" to come.

THE FRESH FALL IN SILVER.

JUST when the opinion was gaining ground that the worst of the Argentine crisis was over, and that business would begin slowly to improve, the City is again disturbed and disheartened by a fresh fall in silver. The new cause of anxiety is a result of the mistaken policy of the United States. There are good grounds for believing that about four

years ago the depreciation in silver had so reduced the production that supply and demand had been equalised. In 1888, for example, the price fell at one time to 41⅝d. per oz.; but early in 1890 it had recovered to about 43⅝d. per oz.—a rise, it will be seen, of 2d. per oz., or over 4 per cent. Just then, unfortunately, the Silver party in the United States introduced a measure into Congress for increasing largely the purchases of the metal. The Bill was under discussion, and frequently modified, from the end of February till the middle of July, when it finally passed, the Secretary of the Treasury being required to buy every month 4½ million ounces, and to pay for them in Treasury notes, which are full legal tender for all public and private debts. The measure excited a wild speculation, not only in the United States, but in Europe and India, and the price was rushed up between February and the first few days of September from 43⅝d. to 54⅝d. per oz.—a rise in a few months of 11d. per oz., or about 25 per cent. An immediate consequence of this wild speculation was that production all over the world was immensely stimulated. Every mine-owner exerted himself to turn out as much as he possibly could. No doubt also the rise in price checked consumption in the arts; and it is not improbable that the Baring crisis, which has been chiefly felt by the wealthier classes, has likewise contributed to restrict consumption. The price of silver in consequence began to fall in September, 1890, and has gone on steadily declining ever since. At the beginning of this week it dropped as low as 39d. per oz. There has since been a recovery to 39½d. per oz. But still, from the first week of September, 1890, to the last week of March, 1892, a period of less than nineteen months, there had thus been a fall of 15⅝d. per oz., or 28½ per cent. Even with this evidence before them of their inability to control a great industry, the Silver party in the United States has not lost heart; on the contrary, it is clamouring for further legislation, contending that Congress has failed, only because it has not been bold enough. There would seem, however, to be little chance of the Free Coinage Bill passing. At the same time, there is no sign yet of distrust arising in the United States. Although the Government has completely failed to keep up the price of silver, and, in consequence, the silver dollar is worth only about two-thirds of its nominal value, the public freely accepts silver certificates and silver notes. In fact, the credit of the Government is so good that up to the present the consequences of its mistakes have not been seriously felt; and happily, too, the Government holds so much gold that the public is satisfied it can get all the gold it requires if the occasion should arise.

Still, it is obvious that the present policy cannot be carried very much farther. No change is likely to be made until the Presidential election is over; after that there must be a new departure, or the consequences will be disastrous. Meanwhile, trade with the silver-using countries is disorganised by the heavy fall in silver. The Lancashire merchant, for example, who exports cotton piece-goods to India, sells those goods for rupees, and the rupees exchange now for 5 per cent. less gold than they did a week ago, for 10 per cent. less than they did a few months ago, and for nearly 30 per cent. less than in September, 1890. Unhappily, too, Lancashire is suffering just now from a heavy fall in raw cotton. The bankers doing business in the silver-using countries are likewise affected. An Indian bank, for example, which has raised its capital in gold in this country and invested it in India in silver, now sees that capital depreciated, by the fall in silver, fully 30 per cent. Of course the depreciation has been going on for a long time; but even compared with twelve months ago, it has been very serious; and, unfortunately, there is no knowing whether it may not continue farther. Furthermore, the business of those banks is affected in like manner. Suppose, for example, a merchant in Manchester sends out cotton piece-goods to Bombay for sale. He requires the price to be remitted to him, and the Indian banks undertake to do so. If the merchant waits to sell his goods until they actually arrive in Bombay, and then makes arrangements for getting home the money, he may find that in the interval the exchange, as it is called—that is to say, the value of Indian money in English money—has fallen seriously, and the business he undertook in the hope of profit may result in a loss. He desires naturally to avoid this, and the Indian banks have been in the habit for many years of arranging with merchants to make remittances from India home on certain terms. The business is perfectly legitimate, and in ordinary times no doubt is reasonably profitable; but in times like the present it is most dangerous. If an Indian bank, for instance, undertook when the rupee was worth, let us say, 1s. 3½d. of our money, to remit large sums from India at that rate, in the present week it would find that the rupee has been worth less than 1s. 3d. On every rupee, therefore, there would be a loss of over a halfpenny; and if the halfpenny be multiplied by hundreds of thousands, the matter becomes a serious one. It is not surprising, then, that the City should be anxious; should fear that there must be numerous failures in Lancashire, tried as it is by so many adverse influences; and that the Indian banks, though carefully and prudently managed, must suffer losses compelling them to disappoint their shareholders in the matter of dividends.

The effect upon Indian finance, likewise, of the fall in silver is very serious. The Indian Government has to pay in London every year for pensions, salaries, goods bought, and the like, about 16 millions sterling. It raises its revenue in silver, and has to make its payments in London in gold; therefore the lower silver falls, the more rupees it necessarily takes to pay those 16 millions. For instance, in the Budget published in Calcutta a fortnight ago, the Finance Minister estimated that he would be able during the next twelve months to sell his bills in London at 1s. 4d. a rupee; that is to say, he estimated that 15 rupees during the next twelve months would be equal to one pound sterling. But this week the rupee has been under 1s. 3d. This value, assuming that it were to remain unaltered for the next twelve months at 1s. 3d., would represent an addition of about 16 million rupees to the taxation of India. Just now, moreover, the Indian Government has to face a serious falling-off in its revenue on account of the drought, and it has to provide large sums for relief works. Naturally there has been at the same time a heavy fall in rupee paper—that is to say, in the Indian Government loans, which have been raised in silver and are payable, principal and interest, in that metal—and which is widely held in this country by investors of all sorts. Lastly, every European resident in India, having to send home money for the education of his children, or for any other purpose, finds that his rupees go a smaller and a smaller way in making up the sums that he has to provide in Europe. The hardship to the poorer Europeans is very great; and, indeed, all Europeans suffer very serious inconvenience. Naturally, therefore, there is much grumbling at the Government because it does not devise some policy to remedy so great an evil, and plans of all kinds are springing up with mushroom growth from the brains of irresponsible persons. But while we would not deny in the least how serious is the difficulty for India thus created, we would

at the same time remind our readers that there are compensating advantages. For instance, the wheat-grower in India is greatly benefited. Indian wheat is sold in Europe for gold, and the gold exchanges in India for more rupees the lower silver falls. Therefore every fall in silver is equivalent to a rise in the price of Indian wheat in Europe, or, at all events, it sets off a large part of the fall in that price. And what is true of Indian wheat is true of Indian cotton, Indian tea, and all other articles exported from India to Europe: the lower silver falls, the greater is the practical bounty upon exports. So the producer—who is only the taxpayer under another name—is better able to pay the increased taxation.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE ordinary items of political news this week are somewhat thrown into the background by events in Germany and Paris. The dynamite panic in the latter city, which last week was subsiding, has been revived by the explosion of Sunday morning, which wrecked a house in the Rue de Clichy, and did damage to the extent of at least 100,000 francs. The staircases were practically destroyed; for a time, the whole structure was expected to collapse; the inmates (including one lady who had just given birth to a child) were rescued by the fire brigade, and prevented from returning to seek their valuables; but none of the six persons hurt received very serious injuries. The final cause of the explosion was no doubt the extinction of a certain M. Bulot, who conducted the prosecution of the Anarchists concerned in the disturbance at Levallois-Perret on May 1st, last year, and who lived on the fifth floor, but who was unhurt. A dynamite bomb, which failed to explode, was deposited on the same day at the police barracks at Ivry. It is hardly surprising that the new Bill dealing with dynamite outrage has been made considerably more severe by the committee to which it has been referred, the penalty of death being imposed on dynamiters, while attempts at dynamite outrage are treated as attempts to murder; or that strangers are said to be leaving Paris, and that prosecuting counsel and magistrates who are unfavourably known to the Anarchists are driven to live incognito in furnished apartments; or that the recent sins of the police are forgotten, and that they are charged only with unreadiness and mismanagement. On Wednesday, however, they arrested the man suspected—one Ravachol, an Anarchist of St. Etienne, formerly a smuggler in the Pyrenees, who was also wanted for the murder of a wealthy hermit (!) in the Department of the Loire last June. Thirty-two foreign Anarchists, mostly Italians, have been ordered to quit France. One moral drawn from the event is that the Paris police are badly organised and subjected to over-much interference from both the Minister of the Interior and the Paris Municipal Council. Another, of course, is that the Clericals are somehow at the bottom of the outrage, or at least, by virtue of their hatred of the present *régime*, are accessories after the fact.

The Clericals, however, have quite enough to answer for this week. A custom has arisen of giving Lent lectures (in church) on "the Social Question," to which workmen are formally invited, and which are really public meetings without debate. Recent disturbances in the Church of St. Merri, provoked by the references to Socialism made by the preacher, Father Lemoigne, a Jesuit, were brought before the Chamber on Saturday by M. Delahaye, a Boulangist, who complained of the action of the police. He got no satisfaction; and M. Pichon, a Radical, cited a violent attack—not altogether fit for publication—recently made from the pulpit by Father Forbes, a Jesuit, of Scotch extraction, on the health and morals of the French army. Father Forbes has, in consequence, been obliged to quit France. Bishop Freppel's successor at Brest, Mgr. d'Hulst, made a somewhat disappointing maiden speech. A vote of confidence was accorded the Government by 354 to 116. On Sunday, a similar disturbance, also provoked by a preacher, Père Lenfant, took place in the Church of St. Joseph, in Belleville. After some interruption a hymn was started, and drowned by the strains of the *Carmagnole*. An abbé led a futile charge of Catholics armed with chairs: the gas was put out, but the disturbers sent for candles, shouted "Vive l'Anarchie," and danced. The preacher was imprisoned for two hours in the pulpit, and the disturbance closed only on his acceptance of an invitation to attend a Socialist meeting. Since then, the Archbishop of Paris has suspended all such lectures. Common-sense should have prevented them from the first.

M. Rochefort and the publisher of the *Intransigeant* were convicted on Saturday of libelling the Public Prosecutor, and sentenced, the latter to two months' imprisonment, the former to two years—which, as he is safe in the Regent's Park and under a life sentence *par contumace*, matters little.

The settlement of the Ministerial crisis in Germany is received unfavourably by all parties. Prince Bismarck's organ says that as Count Caprivi and Count Eulenburg are of different shades of Conservatism, and Herr Miquel a National Liberal, the principle of coalition is applied to the Ministry. Nobody expects the separation of the Chancellorship from the Premiership of Prussia to be lasting. Herr von Bennigsen spoke of it (in the Reichstag last Saturday) as encouraging the revival of anti-Prussian particularism. The abandonment of the Prussian Schools Bill, which was announced on Monday, has infuriated the Catholics. The *Germania*, their organ, promises that the Government shall now see what a party that is unfairly treated can do; and on Tuesday they secured the rejection in the Reichstag, by 177 to 109, of a vote for a new corvette. They now threaten to bring in a School Bill themselves, which might lead to a dissolution. The "Old" and "Independent" Conservatives are, moreover, at daggers drawn.

The Prussian Ministry has yielded to the Liberal demand that the sequestration of the Guelph Fund shall be removed by statute, and the Bill has passed the Landtag. Herr von Bötticher's proffered resignation of the Imperial Secretaryship of the Interior has been refused. Prince Bismarck will not at present take his seat in the Reichstag. He would seem, he says, like Banquo's ghost. Through his organ he has strongly condemned the action of the Emperor. The gist of the article is, "I warned him at the time of his Labour Congress." The Alsace-Lorraine State of Siege Bill has passed with much modification, and now extends to the whole of the Empire. A vote for "strategic railways" in Baden was also passed on Wednesday. The Reichstag was prorogued on Thursday.

All Russian Jews are henceforward to be refused permission by the German authorities to cross the frontier, either from Russia or from Galicia. Some have already been checked at Thorn. As it will be impossible to stop the migration, the order will cause an immense amount of additional suffering.

The action of the Austrian Government in permitting the postponement of the "Bohemian Compromise" has created great indignation among the Germans, who are likely to withdraw their support from Count Taaffe in the Reichsrath. Here also, it is said, clericalism is the enemy. However, the Government have received a warning from the Czechs. They had formally forbidden the celebration of the birthday of the well-known Bohemian educational reformer, Comenius (Kominsky). Forthwith it was celebrated on the initiative of the municipality of Prague. On Monday evening there was rioting in

that city, culminating in an attempted attack on the Jewish quarter, which was fortunately prevented by the police.

The Italian Chamber on Saturday passed the Bill reducing the expenditure on the construction of State railways for this and the next two years by 175 to 29. The Left and Extreme Left, who had obstructed a good deal, mostly abstained, after failing to carry a motion for adjournment. Signori Crispi and Zanardelli were prominent in the debate.

The Anarchists sentenced last week have been released pending appeal. The Customs frontier guards have been strengthened along the boundary towards Ticino. The negotiations for a commercial treaty with Switzerland, however, are likely to be resumed. Alarming reports are again current as to the health of the Pope.

The Greek Chamber has been dissolved by Royal Decree; the General Election is fixed for May 15th. No forecasts have as yet reached us, save that the present *Cabinet d'Affaires* cannot possibly obtain a working majority.

The firman of investiture for the new Khedive of Egypt was to leave Constantinople on Thursday. Various reasons have been assigned for the delay: the Sultan's mother is ill; the presents are not ready; a Turkish official demands the customary but illicit fee; the Porte will not recognise either the English, or the Italians at Massowah, or agree to the ideas of our Government as to the ceremonial. And, of course, France and Russia are reported to be against us.

In the United States, the Bland Silver Bill has been dropped by the House, chiefly owing to inadequate Democratic support. The difficulty with Italy is satisfactorily settled. The Federal Government has undertaken to pay 20,000 dollars to the relatives of the Italian subjects lynched at New Orleans just a year ago. Another "electrocution" at Sing Sing has revived the cry for a return to hanging. The Pawnee Indians of Oklahoma are performing "ghost dances," and going on the war-path, and serious disturbances are feared.

Rival demonstrations have been held by the Argentine parties—of the Fusionists at Belgrano, near Buenos Ayres, and of the Radicals in that city. Both passed off quietly. The Radicals, however, have been threatening violence during the Presidential Election next week, and the Government fully intends to repress any disturbance by force. Another large Radical demonstration is projected for Sunday. Still, Argentine stocks are rising.

THE UNITY OF LONDON.—III.

I HAVE nearly done with my reflections on the events of the 5th of March. But besides the temptation to inquire into their causes, and to estimate their bearing on the immediate future of London municipal life and on the coming General Election, they exhibit other phenomena which have—at least, so it seems to me—a wider and deeper significance. Let anyone take a map of the London constituencies and put a distinctive colour to those which have returned Reactionary Councillors. He will see how nearly they coincide with the haunts of those who are called by the somewhat slang term of "The Upper Ten Thousand." The wealthy and privileged City; the wealthy and official Westminster; the wealthy and professional Strand and Holborn; the sites of the great West-End estates—those of the Grosvenor, Portman, and Bentinck families, and of the Church, with their wealthy tenants in St. George's, Marylebone, and Paddington: the comfortable villas of Hampstead, Hammersmith, and Dulwich; the dull, spruce streets and squares of South Kensington, which for the last thirty years have been the settling-ground of rich people: all these places have not any desire at all for a strong, united Government of London. If anyone wishes to see how the line of cleavage between the richer and poorer classes has become marked and emphasised of late years, let him study such a map. And a very grave matter it is.

One main cause why our political changes in England have been conducted with much less jolting than in most other countries has been the vertical cleavage of interests and opinions. In each rank of society there have been found plenty of persons on each side of each great question. But ever since the great Reform of 1832 there has been a tendency to more horizontal cleavage. Persons endowed with wealth, rank, or privilege have detached themselves in large numbers from the party of movement and have joined the stationary forces, and this tendency has been accelerated in proportion as public questions have become more social in character and as the poorer classes have acquired a larger share of political power. If both these processes grow unchecked, the poorer classes combining and using their power to insist more and more on readjustments in matters of social relations, of trade, and of property, and the richer making themselves more and more compact to resist them, we may be on the eve of more acute social struggles than have been seen in this country for some generations. Such a disaster, let us hope, will be avoided by good sense, by patience, by allowing the element of time for all new ideas to work, by the spread of knowledge, and, above all, by the personal intercourse between the richer and poorer classes, which is increasing continually. I do not refer so much to the intercourse promoted by "missions," though I think they have an excellent effect—especially on the minds of the missionaries. But I attach the greatest importance to the admission of chosen representatives of the artisan classes into the actual administration of public affairs, and I would repeal at once all property qualifications which exclude them from local bodies. In my judgment, it is even of more importance that they should be present on local bodies, which are administrative, than in the House of Commons, which is only deliberative and legislative. Many a man is now learning the great difficulty and complexity of public business, which he but dimly understood before; he is learning how much there is to be said on the other side; how much there is to respect in one's antagonists; that it is impossible, and even undesirable, to have all one's own way; that there must be patience, moderation, and compromise. He is learning, in short, all the lessons of statesmanship, which cannot be learned except by taking part in public business, and which, when impressed on a large number of minds, provide the greatest amount of stability for a nation. That, I believe, is the path of safety, and I hope to see many more walk in it as Local Government is extended and its importance more appreciated.

Another line of reflection is suggested by my map. It shows, in a lively way, the necessity for unity in London, and justifies all that has been urged on the subject of the divisions between poor and rich districts—a subject on which I offered some detailed remarks in THE SPEAKER of the 19th ult. Under the old arrangements the London to which law-givers and administrators paid attention was the articulate part of it, the Upper Ten Thousand, who could easily make themselves heard, seen, and felt. For the obscurer parts to be heard, some special demonstration, a sort of little revolution, had to be got up. Now they will exercise their due influence in an orderly, constitutional way, so far as powers reside in the Council; and will do so more and more as fuller powers are conferred.

Of course it is not possible to give to the poorer classes a share of political power in any exact proportion to their numbers. Probably it would not be desirable, if possible, because artificial political arrangements ought to correspond in some rough fashion with the actual force which lies behind them in case of conflict. At all events, it is not possible. Those who have the purse must always have at their command a powerful press, the greatest facility of

creating machinery, the services of paid agents and of direct dependents. They must have the advantage of being able to abide in the same place, often in a conspicuous position; and, when they are doing good work in the world, as so many of them are, of doing it so as to attract the notice and admiration of their neighbours. By hope, by fear, or by love, it is certain that rich people will influence a great number of others.

No mechanical political arrangements will do away with these advantages. Take, for instance, the most powerful and obvious of such arrangements. We extend the franchise, and, let us say, give to each voter only one vote. Well, but I was told a few days ago by a friend who sits for a London constituency consisting mainly of poor persons, that since the last register was completed 1,600 removals had taken place. Nearly all those votes will be lost, and would be lost notwithstanding any conceivable improvement in the system of registration. No machinery whatever can overcome the political weakness which affects a migratory population. Nor can advantages depending on machinery which requires constant vigilance to keep at work compete in constancy of operation with advantages which come spontaneously and by natural causes.

Every now and then, by great effort, some unfair advantage has during the last sixty years been wrested from the wealthy or privileged classes. But I have never observed anything approaching to oppression of them, nor have I the slightest fear of it. They, or those who assume to speak on their behalf, are ready enough to cry out "Robbery" when any change is proposed: so ready, that they have created a widespread impression that their Robbery is synonymous with other people's Justice; and they have damaged their position thereby. It is inevitable that proposals made for the abatement of long-standing evils shall sometimes be unfair in the other direction. But they may be answered without screaming, and, if shown to be unfair, they will not be carried into effect. I am convinced that, with all their advantages, the wealthy classes of London cannot be defeated unless there is an overwhelming majority against them; and that there will be no such majority unless justice is against them; and that in such case there will be among their own ranks sufficient numbers of reasonable minds to bring about reasonable and fair arrangements.

The foregoing remarks do not supply any reason why artificial contrivances favouring the richer classes, such as the plural vote, should not be abolished. They supply, in my judgment, very strong reasons why all classes should be brought face to face in an Assembly which is both administrative and deliberative, to act together for the common weal of the great city of which they are inhabitants in common.

It is a matter of congratulation that some Tory gentlemen, including noblemen of high rank, ancient lineage, and great wealth, have offered their services to their fellow-townsmen, and have had them accepted. They will find the service hard; but if they put their breasts to the collar, as I cannot doubt they will, it will be of advantage both to themselves and to other Londoners. It is right that London problems should be presented from their point of view. And as they work on with the numerous details settled in Committees, whichever they may happen to belong to, they will learn in a way that is impossible without such work how many difficult problems there are in London government, and what are the feelings of the numerous trading and artisan classes with regard to them. I am also confident that they will be struck with the devotion, industry, and ability of the representatives of those classes, and of many other working members of the Council, including some who for years have been held up to odium and ridicule, and will find respect for them springing up if it did not exist before, or increasing if it did.

These gentlemen commence their career as Councillors under the pressure of a majority adverse to them on those questions which in the Council constitute party questions; the dividing line being, to put it briefly and roughly, whether there shall be a single great London with a full-blown Municipal Government, or whether the body elected by Londoners shall be little more than a Board of Works. It is too much to expect that they will change their views. But they cannot possibly pay attention to London affairs for three years without understanding that their opponents have strong reasons for the faith that is in them; and that is the first step—and a long step—towards dealing with such matters in a statesmanlike way, whether in support or in opposition. And when the day comes for Londoners to prefer those who desire to restrict the range of the Council's action, such gentlemen as these will be able to add the great advantage of experience to the other advantages which their position gives them, and to supply the best sort of leaders for a cautious and Conservative Council.

It has often occurred to me to lament the way in which the magnates of London—whether territorial or commercial—have deserted its service. That has been so even in the City, where a vigorous Municipal Government—and, if we could confine our view to the City alone, a good Government—has always been kept on foot with great splendour. But in former days the leading merchants of the City of London were not content merely to make money there. The Whittingtons and Greshams governed the City as well. Since when have the Rothschilds and the Barings done the like? As for real or Great London, its service has been more deserted still, for it has only enjoyed fragments of municipal government. The plain and disagreeable fact is that London has been, and is, used as a place where amusement may be got, or social ambition gratified, or money amassed. A man comes for those objects, and stays a longer or shorter time. Then he goes away to his pleasant house in the suburbs, or in further rural districts; where are his wife, his children, his horses, his dogs, his gay garden, his stately trees; and, if he is far enough from the smoke, clear skies and fair landscapes and all things which enchain the affections to a place and make it one's home. London is not his home. The interests of his country neighbours are his; but as for his multitudinous neighbours in London, who are called together by his action, or without whom he could not take the action he desires, for the case may be put either way, they, alas, are too apt to be forgotten.

The presence of Parliament has proved, and I rather think nothing else has proved, a counter-attraction to draw into London for the purposes of unpaid work those whose homes are elsewhere. Many of these are not Londoners in any sense. If the creation of a powerful Municipal Government proves to be another counter-attraction to draw into London those who ought to be Londoners in every sense, it will be good for London and for English society, because all classes will be working together. In the meantime the dwellers in London, who have their homes and their interests here, have taken affairs into their own hands, and they as a rule do not belong to the wealthy classes.

HOBHOUSE.

ULSTER AND HOME RULE.—II.

IN my previous article I have dealt with the electoral prospects of Home Rule in Ulster, and have shown how these have been damaged by the split in the Home Rule party. I will now consider the feeling in Ulster against Home Rule, and endeavour to point out how that same split has modified and softened it.

Everybody interested in the Irish Question remembers the outburst of furious language and

threats of armed resistance with which the Home Rule Bill of 1886 was received by the Protestants of Ulster. English Liberals at the time were disposed to regard all this as mere Orange rhetoric. No doubt it was in some cases idle raving, and in others insincere and calculated; but any person who was in Ulster at the time and mixed with Protestants of all classes will not deny that to a large extent it was serious, and really meant business. This was particularly the case in and about Belfast. In Derry, Donegal, and North Antrim, when violent language was used, it was only Orange froth uttered by "servant boys" and village workmen, who talk so from habit. The Presbyterian farmers, who form the bulk of the Protestant population of that part of the country, are at heart Liberal, and even Radical, in their opinions, and although I am far from saying that they liked Mr. Gladstone's Bill, there is not the slightest reason to believe that they ever for a moment entertained a notion of resisting its application to them by force. But in Belfast and in the districts under the influence of Belfast, and in some of the South Ulster counties like Armagh and Tyrone, the threats which were used were used in deadly earnest. That was made clear by the bloody riots which a little later broke out in Belfast, and by the sympathy and encouragement, if not actual support, which were extended to the rioters by their Protestant neighbours of the better class, who on ordinary occasions regard such outbreaks as matters to be repressed by any severity. And that all Ireland believed that trouble was coming is proved by the unimpeachable testimony of the Money Market. Within a few months after Mr. Gladstone's accession to office the capital value of the three Belfast railways and the three Belfast banks fell £1,000,000, and that of the three Dublin railways and five Dublin banks £2,500,000. There can, indeed, be no doubt but at that time the bulk of the Protestants throughout Ireland regarded Home Rule with feelings of detestation and dismay, and that if it had been forced upon them, though there might not have been civil war, there would unquestionably have been serious disturbance which would have inflicted grievous disaster on the trade, manufactures, and progress of the country.

This very fact supplies the best proof that a great change has taken place in the feelings with which Ulster Protestants regard Home Rule. It is now evident to everybody that at this moment the early triumph of Home Rule is more probable than it was in the 1886 period. Yet then Ulster was panic-stricken, while now it is absolutely indifferent. Its apathy on the question is simply marvellous. Conservative members are appealing in vain for more enthusiasm and encouragement; Conservative Clubs are dying of bankruptcy and neglect; Orange working-men are thinking about Labour representation; Protestant farmers are discussing, in no too-satisfied spirit, Land Purchase; and all talk of armed resistance to Home Rule is left to political *farceurs* like Colonel Saunderson and Dr. Kane. Though within a year another Home Rule Bill will almost certainly be before the country, with what that of 1886 never had—a majority of the House of Commons behind it—the stocks and shares of banks and railways are advancing in value every day; the same that fell so low in 1886 are now some £8,000,000 higher in value than they were even before that fall began; while in and about Belfast and Londonderry, houses, and factories, and ship-yards are springing up in all directions, and capital, instead of fleeing the country, is seeking and finding every day new openings at home. Evidently, then, the Ulsterman anticipates no political cataclysm to attend the advent of Home Rule.

Various explanations may be suggested of this great change, and, no doubt, various causes have contributed to it. Thus the Ulster Protestant has become familiar with the notion of Home Rule, and now he sees that it is not so dreadful a monster as he had thought. Again, the retention of Irish members at Westminster has impressed him: it has made evident to him that Home Rule is not separation. Again, the Unionist intrigues at Rome, and Mr. Balfour's efforts to win over the priests by any concession, have inflamed his Protestant prejudices, and have led him to doubt whether things would be much worse from a religious point of view even if Home Rule were granted. But what, above all, has dissipated his fears is the split in the Nationalist party. Whatever may be the proper view of the Parnellite rebellion, he regards it simply as a revolt against Ultramontanism, and as such he gives it his whole sympathy. That sympathy as yet finds little expression in the Loyalist press, but no one who has mixed with Ulster Protestants can deny its existence and its strength. And what he regards as the gallant fight a Home Rule party is making against clerical dictation makes him less hostile to and less fearful of Home Rule. He sees now that if Home Rule comes he will not be without allies in his own land against priestly oppression. And as his opposition to Home Rule was based chiefly on his fear of priestly oppression, the dissipation of that fear has left his opposition but a shattered foundation to rest upon, and it is surely sinking, never, let us hope, to rise again. The Nationalist dissensions, which in every other way have done the Home Rule cause infinite harm, have in this particular done it much good.

That this sympathy with the Parnellites and the consequently softened feeling towards Home Rule have gone far enough to influence the elections is, I think, unlikely. The average Ulster Protestant still retains sufficient objection to Home Rule to cause him to record his vote against it. But that they exist is shown by more than the equanimity with which Ulster watches the progress of the Home Rule cause. Thus a few days ago a Moderate Conservative was returned in the same division of Belfast in which at the last election a Moderate Conservative was rejected for a raving Orangeman; and, by the way, the chief point on which the election turned was Labour representation. Then again, on March 5th, a great Trades Union demonstration took place in Belfast, and there Catholics and Protestants, Tories and Home Rulers, united together in friendly co-operation in the cause of the workman. And, not to mention more, a Presbyterian Poor Law Guardian, Mr. Alexander Murdoch, is at this moment standing as a Parnellite candidate for what is the most Protestant constituency in Ireland—North Down. That he has any chance of success is improbable, but that he thinks it worth his while to stand is instructive, and evidence of the alteration in feeling which I have tried to demonstrate. The cleavage of parties in Ireland no longer follows strictly the lines of the cleavage of creeds, and in this there is hope, not merely for the early triumph, but for the future success, of Irish Home Rule.

J. A. Strahan.

FROM GREEN BENCHES.

DEEPER and deeper descends the cloud of dulness; tighter becomes the clutch of despondency. So far have these things gone now that question-time has ceased to attract. This has a significance that cannot be mistaken. There are plenty of members of Parliament that are rarely seen after a certain hour throughout the whole Session, unless when the urgent whip brings them at midnight to give a vote in the critical and full-dress division. But there are scarcely any members that do not look into the House for the two hours every evening which are occupied by question-time. It is a convenient hour; in summer it stands between the bright sunshine of glaring day and the softer light of evening; and in winter, it is the mournful beginning of the early night when the oppressed soul welcomes excitement, preoccupation and the first appearance of the gas-lights. And then, of all times and seasons in the life of Parliament, the period of questions is always the most intensely interesting—

the quick return of cut and thrust; the keen cross-examination of the questioner; the studied skill of evasion by the Minister; the vast variety of individual character brought out by the scores of questions on every subject under the sun—all these make question-time an hour of dramatic passion, of surprises, revelations of character, often of screaming farce, now and then of heavy-footed tragedy. But all that is past; and now empty and yawning benches surround the Ministers and their interrogators; and question-time passes in the sombre solemnity of a funeral.

In one quarter of the House alone is activity still in full life. It is true that the Irish benches rarely show that bulging fulness which belonged to them in olden days; and the absence from the third seat above the gangway of that strange, mysterious, awe-inspiring figure that once led and then fought the Irish party, takes away from them their chief element of fatefulness and force. But still they are in fuller attendance than any other section of the House, and those that remain make up in vivacity for what may be wanting in strength. The Irish members have made the lives of several Ministers almost a burden to them for the last week. Mr. Stanhope has had to answer something like a hundred questions as to the "wearing of the green," growing visibly weaker every day under the terrible ordeal, and at last breaking out into sheer pettishness and even crack-voiced despair. Mr. Matthews can imprison and hang and obstinately refuse to listen to the appeal for mercy, but he cannot escape the grim Irish spectre which pursues him nightly in the House of Commons, and will not be laid by language of anger or by language of appeal. Mr. Jackson, stolid and phlegmatic, has also to stand the nightly ordeal of twenty questions on the paper, followed by forty more impromptu; and at last has been harried into a peroration as to boycotting and intimidation that sounded as if it had been dictated by Mr. Balfour and committed very imperfectly and unwillingly to memory.

The truth is that the tyranny and supremacy of Ireland over the whole soul and body of the Imperial Parliament has never been more forcibly illustrated than during the present week. On Tuesday night the House of Commons was just discussing a branch of the eternal Land Question, when midnight, guillotine-like, interrupted debate. When the House, after the short and rapid sleep which Wednesday's sitting allows it to take, reassembled at noon, its tired and unrested nerves found themselves exposed once more to the discussion of the eternal Land Question. Nearly the whole of the last Session was spent in the tortuous details of a gigantic Land Bill which was to settle for ever and for ever all the secular struggles between the warring classes of Irish life and the importunate and incessant demands upon the time and energies of Parliament. Where is Mr. Balfour's Land Bill now? Three, four, half-a-dozen times already even in the young life of this last Session of the dying Parliament, motions, Bills, and speeches have been heard which proposed its emendation in one point or another; so that by this time it has disappeared into infinite distance, and the whole Land Question has risen on the horizon—gloomy, hopeless, gigantic, insoluble as ever. And so Ireland—coerced and bullied, and now and then insulted—takes its revenge. It not only blocks the way, but poisons the blood, exhausts the energies, kills the spirit of the House of Commons.

From out of this fog two figures emerge. Mr. Swift McNeill is the son of a Protestant clergyman, with probably nothing but Protestant blood for generations in his veins, and himself a Protestant of strong and pronounced views. Close upon forty years of age, he has the perennial youth, hopefulness, and ingenuousness that belongs to natures that are simple, sincere, and eager. In a few weeks' time he has rushed into a Parliamentary prominence which some men would give years of life to achieve. At question-time he reigns almost supreme. From China to Peru there is nothing human which is alien to his sympathies; and if he were only to get three or four more Sessions at a Tory Ministry—which is not likely—he would inevitably produce a large number of Ministerial resignations, and perhaps a few Ministerial deaths. The House laughs a little at its McNeill—for, though Saxon in creed and race, he has a Celtic exuberance of speech, and still more of manner, that are the more curious in contrast with the severe self-restraint and the frigid and deliberate sword-play of other members of his party, who are as purely Celtic as he is purely Saxon. Mr. McNeill is anxious about the appointment of some Donegal magistrates. Mr. Jackson gently suggests that, if the unconquerable interrogator will only send the names to the Lord-Lieutenant, they will be carefully and respectfully considered. Standing up to ask his thirty-third question immediately after, the McNeill breathlessly exclaims, "I decline to allow the Lord-Lieutenant to distribute *my* patronage for me"; and after this, of course, there is no more seriousness in things, and the House bursts into a long, loud, and delighted cheer. And then, having thus disposed of Mr. Jackson, Mr. McNeill tries his hand at Mr. Curzon. The contest between these two men is a continual delight to those who like contrasts of character and their Parliamentary manifestations. On the one side, there is McNeill, popping up half-a-dozen times in the course of a few minutes, impatient to ask a second question before the answer to the first is half through—eager, exuberant, overflowing, badly dressed. On the other, the Under-Secretary for India is a prim young man, with garments that suggest Poole in a moment of unusual inspiration, a tight and self-complacent mouth, pink-blossom complexion, an air of perfectly infuriating and absolutely imperturbable conceit, and the even voice and cut-and-dry and passionless sentences of the official. Look at the one man and you understand all the strength and weakness of the Irish character: its ardour, impetuosity, excitability, impracticableness, and the vast gulf that yawns between its purposes and its achievement. And then look at the other, and you will understand that merciless, inflexible self-esteem of the English official that has conquered and infuriated so many ages and so many worlds.

The other figure of the week that comes out of the circumambient gloom is that of Mr. Campbell-Bannerman. On Tuesday night there was one of those emergencies which require great men. This was the night of one of the everlasting debates on Irish land. A motion was on the paper to make land purchase compulsory. This was a motion that had its embarrassments to a Liberal leader. On the one hand, he was quite ready to help the Irish tenantry to get the benefits of the Land Purchase Act of last year, by arming him against the obstinacy or the cupidity of the landlord; but on the other side rose the imposing and menacing figure of Mr. Picton and the other Radicals below the gangway, who regard land purchase with the aid of Imperial credit as the accursed and unholy thing. With dexterity and ease, above all, with a splendid seriousness—Mr. Campbell-Bannerman sailed between the Scylla and Charybdis of these two conflicting duties. He is not yet quite understood or appreciated in the House of Commons, this quiet, rather reticent, and very unobtrusive Scotchman. Hating ostentation, a little indolent, with a dash of Voltairean scorn tempered by Scotch seriousness and man-of-the-world geniality, he looks out on the Parliamentary game from an obscure seat on the front Opposition bench, without any rancour—with much amusement—with a keen interest, and with an ambition that waits rather than grasps. He has gone far; he may go farther.

And, finally, Thursday saw a sight that was pretty and sympathetic even to the many to whom its figures were not altogether dear. Mr. Austen Chamberlain walked up the floor with his father on one side and his father's brother on the other. The likeness between father and son was in some respects striking and startling. There is the same pallor of

complexion, the same frigid self-possession of manner—above all, the same single eyeglass stuck in the eye. But yet there is a difference. There is altogether a better figure—a more refined look about the younger than the older generation of the Chamberlain tree. Mr. Austen Chamberlain received a warm welcome, but it came from the Tory side. The Liberal benches sate in an unbroken silence that is a sinister opening to a Parliamentary career.

MURDER AS A COMMONPLACE.

THERE are so many considerations which maintain the sacredness of human life—religion, inherited kindliness, imaginative shrinking from bloodshed, for example—that the habit of murder singles out a man for peculiar marvel. The public mind does not easily grasp the idea that a criminal may habituate himself to taking life with as little compunction as a pilferer feels when his fingers itch for spoons. When this portent appears, he is commonly supposed to be a fiend in human shape, an animal with an insatiable lust for blood. As with the man Williams whose crimes De Quincey describes with such vividness, so with "Jack the Ripper," who has possessed the public imagination in these later days. These are the types of the blood-maniac who goes on killing in sheer frenzy of savage cruelty. But murderers who do not belong to this class are presumed to have their moments of hesitation and remorse, when the seated heart knocks at the ribs, and the horrid suggestion uplifts the hair. Like Macbeth, they may see ghosts, or suffer the mental tortures of the assassin in Hood's poem. It is taken for granted, at all events, that they are haunted by some inward monitor who represents the outraged conscience of mankind, and who pursues them with the accumulated vengeance of blood unlawfully spilt since the days of Cain. This idea is fostered by poets and writers of fiction who surround the murderer's head with an infernal halo of fire, and leave him no peace of mind till the hand of justice is laid upon him. All this presupposes that a man who commits murder must have a powerful imagination which will prey upon his fears ever afterwards. But it may be that all the moral force of tradition is nothing to him, that he has no hideous fancies to be unwelcome visitants in the night-watches, that there are no hereditary associations which deprive him of appetite and healthful slumber. It is an uncomfortable thought, no doubt, but experience forces on us the reflection that murder may become to a man one of the commonplaces of his ordinary life, and that instead of going about with the haunted mind and nervous tread of the imaginative criminal in novels, he may swagger through the world with perfect self-possession, and prepare for more murders with as careless a spirit as if he were going shooting in a *battue*.

This theory is sustained by the career of Deeming, who seems to be fairly on his way to the gallows after some remarkable adventures. The evidence of his exploits in various parts of the world shows that he has been a rogue all his life. He has swindled in many climes, and displayed a singular dexterity in getting out of a place when it became too hot to hold him. A native capacity for fraud in a variety of forms is overshadowed by a darker trait; but there is nothing of the wild beast in Deeming. He has not murdered two wives and several children to gratify a brutal appetite for blood. His victims became inconvenient, and he removed them. The whole story of his acts at Rainhill, when his first wife and her unfortunate little ones were buried in cement with their throats cut, exhibits a man in full possession of his faculties, quite at his ease, without a single disquieting thought. He gave dinner-parties with all the gaiety of a bridegroom, and married again with the exuberance of a voyager who is undeterred from a second expedition by painful reminiscences of the first. Whether Deeming had resolved at this time that his second wife should, if necessary, go the way of her predecessor it is impossible to say; but he certainly took ample precaution with a view to such a contingency by departing for the Antipodes. To put as great a distance as possible between the scenes of crime was one of the secrets of Deeming's success. Had he contrived to effect his third marriage, he would have thought himself sufficiently remote from the spot which marked the catastrophe of the second; for with infinite coolness he had purchased a quantity of cement, which was probably destined to be the winding-sheet of the unsuspecting bride. Nobody can suppose that a man of this stamp was ever visited by the tremors of moral apprehension. Murder had become for him a settled policy, and not "a hateful incident." He did not marry these women for love, and was therefore untouched by the ties of domestic affection. Inured to bloodshed, it gave him no concern except as something which was contrary to established usage, and therefore demanded great caution. Wholly indifferent to the helpless dependence of the women who trusted him, he executed his scheme of crime without pity.

It is a natural impulse to regard Deeming as a monster who has no kinship with manhood: a *lusus naturæ* quite isolated from any social law. But Deeming, after all, is simply a product of the forces which make for egoism; and the egoism which is superior to all moral restraints is apt to flower in a remarkable way. If a man who becomes the head of a nation by force of genius saturates Europe with blood to gratify his ambition, he is an egoist on a colossal and historic scale; but it is not easy to see that he is morally much superior to the wife-murderer of Rainhill. The speculator who deliberately ruins a multitude to enrich himself is probably shocked by the story of Deeming. His egoism takes the form of plunder, not of murder; but he spreads disaster and poverty broadcast as coolly as the assassin put the dead bodies into the cement. The murderous egoist excites more interest than the fraudulent egoist, simply because the direct taking of human life has a violent crudity about it which does not belong to the subtle art of diffusing the pestilence of despair amongst widows and orphans. But these phases of egoism differ only in degree, and not in principle; and so far from being a portent, a creature for whom should be reserved the peculiar horror assigned to something which men try to regard as wholly alien to ordinary human nature, Deeming is simply a variant of that predatory individualism which no moral law can check, and which takes the air with all the effrontery of a licensed criminal on the highways of our social system.

WALT WHITMAN.

THE older generation of the great Americans whose reputations carry us back to the Civil War or beyond it, is fast dying out. The other day it was the author of the "Biglow Papers"; to-day we are thrown back on our memories of him who was still more characteristically American—Walt Whitman. For himself, we may count the release fortunate, since his pains were many and hard to be borne. For us who knew him, we shall find it difficult at once to estimate what his loss means to us. He had made the small town of Camden, where he lived latterly and died, a point of hospitable attraction to many an English pilgrim, and a main fact in the postal wilderness of America to others who never saw him, but gained his friendship, nevertheless, by letter. Almost up to the end he was still vigorous in these friendly exchanges over the Atlantic, in spite of the disabilities of age and mortal sickness, and he leaves probably as many mourners here as in

his own country. One may lament, but hardly be wisely critical, at this moment, with the sense of his loss still fresh. In the case of a man who has taken up a powerful and uncompromising position, we know how hard it is at any time to decide on the claim he makes; and never more so, perhaps, than when his claim is left at his death to the loyalty of his friends. This is peculiarly so with Walt Whitman, who was from the first dangerously provocative of praise or blame. Criticism apart, then, the more natural expression at his death is—to the present writer, at any rate—that of the noble effect of the man, as he lived his simple life of late years there in his small house of that retired street in Camden, much as Carlyle once lived, plainly habited, in Cheyne Row.

Walt Whitman, unlike Carlyle, however, was always very ready to receive those who came to him in a friendly spirit, whether the visitor was an English critic, an American millionaire, or simply some obscure person in unfashionable attire from an unknown village in New Jersey. He had a special art, indeed, in dealing with his more untutored visitors, having an immense knowledge of all kinds of life, and, as might be gathered from his writings, an endless sympathy with the things nearest the heart of "the common people" that he loved. To add to this, was the singular personal magnetism of the man, which has not been exaggerated by his friends and biographers, and which affected cultured and uncultured people alike, at times, indeed, leading more emotional and unbalanced admirers to commit somewhat fantastic freaks, and offer him perplexing homage enough. So it was that he always sent away his saner visitors greatly invigorated, even in his latest years, when illness had painfully increased upon him. He conveyed his unabated optimism at such times indirectly, as well as by reasoned opinion; for his venerable, majestic bodily form, and his deep and sonorous voice, had in themselves the effect of a challenge to the evil things of human life. His was the optimism of health itself: and though he went through the horrors of the Civil War, and had known as profoundly as a man of such experience and imagination might, the sorrows, bitter hostility and poverty that most try the heart, he carried his faith heart-whole notwithstanding to the end. There was nothing in him of the nervous American restlessness which Colonel Wentworth Higginson, who did not appreciate him, so admires. In his voice, his outward form, his every physical trait, nothing could be found more unlike "the average man" of America, celebrated in "Leaves of Grass"—the type constantly met with in all American cities and public places. When the average man there approaches his physical standard, America indeed will have a race of giants, worthy of his own exceeding ideal of humanity.

In conversation he was always ready to turn to the discussion of this ideal, which he conceived to be peculiarly the ideal of America—that is, the perfect union in man of a superb physique with a transcendently noble spirit. But if he was ever too narrowly national in feeling, as at the time when he began to write "Leaves of Grass," he grew less exclusive eventually, though he would not have been the true American that he was if he had not had in his heart a lively spirit of patriotism, and a shrewd and not unreasonable suspicion of the effects of caste and other traditional hindrances in these older countries of ours. This as it may be, he showed an immense and even minute knowledge of, and interest in, things English. Of English poets and poetry he was eager to hear at all times. The pre-eminence of Tennyson in his art was a point of constant reference in his familiar talk, as in his writings. Browning he thought interesting, but too complex, and too strained in style. Swinburne, he had found too florid, too factitious, too overwrought, and without genuine ideals—or ideas! The old story, he said, of the feast, with the gorgeous covers and the empty dishes underneath. He spoke, too, of some less-known poets. He admired greatly the late Sir Samuel Ferguson's Irish ballads. In spite of this profound admiration of his for the verse of many of his contemporaries, he would not hear of a possible future finer development of the art of verse. I argued the point with him; but he was as positive as Carlyle, that the rhymer's craft in especial must be left aside in the future.

Of our prose-writers of the nineteenth century, he had been most influenced by Carlyle. Ruskin, too, he admired intensely. Of English fiction he was a great reader—from Sir Walter Scott, whom he placed easily first, to Dickens, George Eliot, and some later writers. He thought Tourguenief the greatest novelist then alive—"a noble tale-teller," he said, "but melancholy, melancholy!" He quoted Tourguenief's "King Lear of the Steppe" more than once as a masterpiece in its way. Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables" was another novel that he had evidently read and re-read, until the Paris of the people, that it disclosed, was curiously familiar to him.

It was in the midst of a wonderful litter of such books, which in turn were islanded in a sea of newspapers, that I last remember seeing him, knowing, as I bade him good-bye, that I should not see him again. He was then in a rather melancholy mood, for him; and, partly in reference to this, I had from him shortly afterwards the following note, which is very characteristic, and serves better than any formal record to call up the impression of the old poet, as he was accustomed to sit in his room for the many years of his long paralytic imprisonment. "I am sitting," he says, "here in the little front room—still sort o' moping. It is snowing roundly outside, and wind east. . . . Just got a letter from Morse; he seems to be all right—he is in Richmond, Indiana, yet. . . . I am not doing anything particular—idly eking out the time. Cold, cold here!" Morse, I may add, was the sculptor who modelled some very heroic busts of Walt Whitman, of which one—true to its subject, if not technically perfect—now stands in the house of one of the poet's London friends. But the sculptor, since Michael Angelo, has not been who could have dealt to perfection with Walt Whitman's august face and form; as the writer is yet to find who can write more than very inadequately of the man, his remarkable life, and his even more remarkable contributions to the literature of the nineteenth century. Φ.

SARCEY AS LECTURER.

THE only fault one can find with M. Francisque Sarcey's new book, "Souvenirs d'Age Mûr" (Paris: Ollendorff) is that its title is, in Joe Gargery's phrase, a little too architectooralooral. The reality is not quite so large as the design on the cover. Complete recollections of middle-age, in his case, should by rights include his experiences as dramatic critic, as political journalist, as essayist at large, and as lecturer, whereas it is in only the last of these capacities that he here presents himself. Some years have passed since in his "Souvenirs de Jeunesse" he told us of his class-room days at the Normal School, of his early pedagogic experiences, of his apprenticeship to the pen—

> "*These* did his green unknowing youth engage,
> But *lectures* claimed him in his riper age."

M. Sarcey has seen the rise and fall of the *conférence* in France, and he has seen it from the inside, for he has himself been one of the earliest, the most assiduous, the most successful of *conférenciers*. The *conférence*, or popular lecture—something midway between the academic discourse delivered *ex cathedrâ* and a familiar conversation—was one of the later births of the Second Empire. Perhaps the example of Carlyle and Thackeray and Dickens had something to do with it—perhaps not. The last-named had given one or two readings in Paris, which, however, were attended only by the English colony,

Frenchmen hesitating to pay twenty-five francs for the dubious privilege of listening to a stranger saying, doubtless, what 'a owt to 'a said, but, unfortunately, saying it in an unknown tongue. Be that as it may, the Emperor, anxious just then, says M. Sarcey, to pose as the first Socialist of his day, willingly encouraged an institution which tempted clever men, who might have been a nuisance in politics, to find an outlet for their oratorical ardour in such harmless topics as literature and art. Eugène Yung, the founder of the *Revue Bleue*, was the first to start a series of literary lectures in the subterranean theatre of L'Athénée-Comique. Then the idea occurred to a retired comedian, one Ballande, to try the innovation of *matinées* at the Gaîté, at which performances of the classic drama should be preceded by an explanatory lecture from some dramatic critic. The experiment was not at first a success, and was soon suspended by the war of 1870. But this apparently untoward accident was really a godsend to the scheme, for one of its immediate sequels was a general turning of the Parisian mind towards the serious and the instructive. It was said, as we most of us remember, that the French had been beaten by the Prussian schoolmaster. Mental improvement, then, was the order of the day, and, for a time, even theatrical amusements were required to tend to edification. M. Ballande's mixed programme of lecture and play was the very thing to satisfy this need, and the lecture-system was soon in full swing. M. Sarcey became one of the most eminent practitioners of the fashionable art, lecturing on the drama not only in Paris, but in all the departmental cities, and even in Holland and Belgium. He went so far as to deliver one lecture *in partibus infidelium*, at the Gaiety Theatre in London during the visit of the Comédie Française in 1877—by far the most remunerative lecture, it would seem, that he ever delivered, for though it was but thinly attended (it happened, alas! to be given on a race-day), it was afterwards printed in the *Nineteenth Century*, and the editor handed the lecturer forty guineas. The sum fairly took M. Sarcey's breath away. For lecturing in France, if we are to believe one of the most successful of French lecturers, scarcely pays its expenses. With M. Sarcey it has been a labour of love. He has engaged in it out of sheer love of sport—at first just to see if he could do it without breaking down or not (he did break down, unmistakably, disastrously, on two occasions), then to gratify the wholesome fancy every man has for doing what he can do well.

The fruit of his experiences is not only this fascinating record of his struggles, defeats, and victories, but a valuable little code of rules on the art of preparing and delivering a lecture. One preliminary quality, and only one, he stipulates for, but it is an important one—vocation. "It goes without saying, does it not, that to tackle lecturing work you must first have a bent that way? Oh! a slight bent, the very slightest bent. It is not necessary to be a born orator. You can attain decent success in this field without a vast array of supreme qualities; still, certain aptitudes you must have, modest if you like, but genuine. There are plenty of men who are very clever writers, and even brilliant talkers, yet will never be able to speak in public. The first are not fluent, the second have a thick utterance. . . . *Tenez!* Years ago there was a good deal of fuss made over the lectures of Dumas *père*. No one was more amusing and brilliant than Dumas, chatting at table or in a drawing-room; in the lecture-room he was nothing at all. He thought himself, in perfect good faith, the King of Lecturers, as he was the King of Novelists. There was no mind more naïve than his and more prone to illusions. But, if he had not brought his previous renown to the lecture-table, he would never have succeeded; his voice was woolly; it did not bite the audience."

Once given the vocation, the rest is matter of hard work and method. Here are M. Sarcey's chief rules: (1) Have something to say, and let that something be your own. Don't be afraid of being commonplace; the public like best to hear what they know already. So avoid paradoxes, the straining after the curious and the original. The great thing is to have thought out your subject for yourself. If you have read up the subject beforehand—which, of course, you will have done—beware of incorporating other men's good things into your lecture; the public will detect the "purple patch." Don't review the previous judgments of other critics, as University professors use—"La Harpe has said this, Villemain contradicts him, Sainte-Beuve adds," etc. These men are dead, but you, the lecturer, are alive, and it is you the public have paid to hear. In a word, be yourself. (2) Classify your points in rigid order. "A lecturer has no chance of impressing the public unless each man in the audience on going home can say in answer to his wife's questions: 'his thesis was so-and-so, and, to prove it, he said this first, and then that, and so on.'" How are you to get your classification? Think of one or two details at haphazard, twist them about, turn them over in your mind, and by-and-by you will find they have formed themselves into a plan of their own accord. (3) Never read a lecture, and never learn it by heart. The electric sympathy between the lecturer and his public is only to be obtained by improvisation. "If you only knew what force of persuasion you lose by reading or reciting! If you read, your eyes, glued to the paper, are no longer fixed on the crowd, to magnetise it; if you recite, your gaze is plunged inward, hypnotised by the task of remembering, and good-bye to the electricity which wakes up an audience and thrills it! Some people try tricks; they pretend to be improvising what they are really reading from a hidden manuscript, or they feign hesitation over some word in a sentence they know by heart. But the public are not to be duped. The development is too regular, the sentence too neat and polished, the words are too exact or too ingenious, the whole thing betrays preparation." As to quoting—don't, or, if you must, quote by memory. It is better to quote imperfectly than to read. If you have made notes beforehand, leave them at home—all except one, a bare note of the heads of your discourse. Even that you will probably not want; but it gives you confidence to know that it is there.

The rules for getting up your lecture beforehand are equally simple. Walk about in your garden, if you have one—if not, in the largest room of the house (out of earshot of your wife)—and improvise out loud. Improvise again and again, not with the object of remembering your sentences, but of forming a hot-bed of arguments out of which your public improvisation will unconsciously grow. Should you, in these preliminary exercises, chance on some particularly neat phrase which strikes your fancy, make haste to forget it. Otherwise, you will ruin your lecture by making too obvious efforts to lead up to it. Don't even prepare an exordium or a peroration—lectures are better without them. Don't lay traps for applause, for applause suspends the current of the lecture. "A public which applauds is a public to which you give the opportunity of not listening." Don't trouble yourself about your "transitions." When you have done with one section of your subject, pass straight on to the next, "just as at dinner, when you have finished your soup, you pass on to the fish." If there is no real connection between one idea in your discourse and the next, why invent a sham one? Finally, as strictly practical "tips"—dine very sparingly and a good hour beforehand, lecture standing, and keep an eye, though not too anxious an eye, on your gestures. These are the counsels of the genial, frank, exuberant Sarcey, in a book which, if a less eloquent treatise than Cicero's *De Oratore*, is, for the average sensual man, probably more useful and certainly more amusing.

MR. WHISTLER'S PORTRAITS.

THE lesser side of a man of genius is instructive to study—indeed, it is necessary that we should study it if we would thoroughly understand his genius. "No man," it has been very falsely said, "is a hero to his valet de chambre." The very opposite is the truth. Man will bow the knee only to his own image and likeness. The deeper the humanity, the deeper the adoration; and from this law not even divinity is excepted. In this world all we adore is naked, and through knowledge of the flesh that grovels we may catch sight of the soul ascending towards the divine stars.

And so the contemplation of Mr. Whistler as the author of the Butterfly Letters, and as defender of his little jokes against the plagiarising tongue, should stimulate rather than interrupt our prostrations. I said last week that Nature had dowered Mr. Whistler with every gift except that of physical strength. If Mr. Whistler had the bull-like health of Michelangelo, Rubens, and Hals, the Letters would never have been written. They were the safety-valve through which his poor little strained nerves found relief from the intolerable tension of the masterpiece. He has not the bodily strength to pass from masterpiece to masterpiece, as did the great ones of old time. In the completed picture slight traces of his agony remain. But painting is the most indiscreet of all the arts, and here and there an omission or a feeble indication reveal the painter to us in moments of exasperated impotence. To understand Mr. Whistler's art, you must understand his health. I do not mean that Mr. Whistler has suffered from bad health—most likely his health has always been excellent; but you may have good health without having vigorous health. To have vigorous health, bone, flesh, and muscle are necessary; and these Mr. Whistler has not got. Were he six inches taller, and his bulk proportionately increased, his art would be different. Instead of having painted a dozen portraits, every one—even the mother and Miss Alexander, which I personally take to be the two best—a little febrile in its extreme beauty, whilst some, masterpieces though they be, are clearly touched with weakness, and marked with hysteria—Mr. Whistler would have painted a hundred portraits, as strong, as vigorous, as decisive, and as easily accomplished as any by Velasquez or Hals. But if Nature had willed him so, I do not think we should have had the Nocturnes, which are clearly the outcome of a highly strung, bloodless nature whetted on the whetstone of its own weakness to an exasperated sense of volatile colour and evanescent light. Of this there is no room for doubt when we look on these canvases, where, in all the stages of her repose, the night dozes and dreams upon our river—a creole in Nocturne 34, upon whose trembling eyelids the lustral moon is shining; a quadroon in Nocturne 17, who turns herself out of the light an hungred and set upon some feast of dark slumber. And for the sake of these gem-like pictures, whose blue serenities are comparable to the white perfections of Athenian marbles, we should have done well to yield a little strength in portraiture, if the distribution of Mr. Whistler's genius had been left in our hands. On the whole, Nature has done her work well, and we have no cause to regret the few pounds of flesh that she withheld. A few pounds more of flesh and muscle, and we should have had another Velasquez; but Nature shrinks from repetition, and at the last moment she said, "The world has had Velasquez, another would be superfluous: let there be Jimmy Whistler."

In the Nocturnes Mr. Whistler stands unequalled—alone, without a rival. In portraits he is at his best when they are near to his Nocturnes in intention, when the theme lends itself to an imaginative and decorative treatment; for instance, as in the mother or Miss Alexander. Mr. Whistler is at his worst when he is frankly realistic. I have seen pictures by Mr. Henry Moore that I like better than "The Blue Wave." Nor does Mr. Whistler seem to me to reach his highest level in any one of the three portraits—Lady Archibald Campbell, Miss Rose Corder, and "the lady in the fur jacket." I know that Mr. Walter Sickert considers the portrait of Lady Archibald Campbell to be Mr. Whistler's finest portrait. I submit, however, that the attitude is theatrical and not very explicit. It is a movement that has not been frankly observed, nor is it a movement that has been frankly imagined. It has none of the artless elegance of Nature; it is full of studio combinations; and yet it is not a frankly decorative arrangement, as the portrait of the mother or Miss Alexander. The painter has not told us where the lady is. She looks as if she were on the low table on which the model stands. If so, why did the painter leave out the few necessary indications? Because they would interfere with the general harmony of his picture. Because, if the table on which she is standing were indicated, the movement would be incomprehensible. A tale of nervous exhaustion seems to me to be written all over this picture. Look at the hand. In a portrait by Velasquez or Hals the movement of a hand is more significative. A gesture is meaningless that the hand does not determine and complete. I do not speak of the fingers of the right hand, which are non-existent; after a dozen attempts to paint the gloved hand, only an approximative result was obtained. It is the painting of exasperated nerves. Look at the ear. Do you think the painter's nerves did not give way once or twice? Do you think that ear was painted as easily as the ear in the portrait of Miss Alexander? The likeness is vague and shadowy, but she is fairly representative of her class. We see fairly well that she is a lady *du grand monde*, who is, however, not without knowledge of *les environs du monde*. But she is hardly English—she might be a French woman or an American. She is a sort of hybrid. Miss Rose Corder and "the lady in the fur jacket" are equally cosmopolitan; so, too, is Miss Alexander. Only once has Mr. Whistler expressed race, and that was in his portrait of his mother. Then these three ladies—Miss Corder, Lady Archibald Campbell, and "the lady in the fur jacket"—wear the same complexion: a pale yellow complexion, burnt and dried. With this conventional tint he obtains unison and a totality of effect; but he obtains this result at the expense of truth. Hals and Velasquez obtained the same result—without, however, resorting to such meretricious methods.

The portrait of the mother is, as everyone knows, in the Luxembourg; but a reproduction hangs next the door, as if to remind us of the honour which France has done, but which we failed to do, to the great painter of the nineteenth century; and after much hesitation and arguing with myself I feel sure that on the whole this picture is the painter's greatest work in portraiture. We forget relations, friends, perhaps even our parents; but that picture we never forget; it is for ever with us, in sickness and in health; and in moments of extreme despair, when life seems hopeless, the strange magic of that picture springs into consciousness, and we wonder by what strange wizard craft was accomplished the marvellous pattern on the black curtain that drops past the engraving on the wall. We muse on the extraordinary beauty of that grey wall, on the black silhouette sitting so tranquilly, on the large feet on a foot-stool, on the hands crossed, on the long black dress that fills the picture with such solemn harmony. Again has been used a canvas prepared with a dark tint, and the greys were laid on lightly, lifted off here and there with a dry brush. Then mark the transition from grey to white and how *le ton local* pervades the entire picture, from the highest light to the deepest shadow. Note the tenderness of that white cap, the white

lace cuffs, the certainty and the choice, and think of anything if you can, even in the best Japanese work, so illusive. And if the lace cuffs are marvellous, the delicate hands of a beautiful old age lying in a small lace handkerchief are little short of miraculous. They are not drawn out in anatomical diagram, but appear and disappear, seen here on the black dress, lost there in the small white handkerchief. Then when we study the faint, subtle outline of the mother's face, we seem to feel that there the painter has told the story of his soul more fully than elsewhere. That soul, strangely alive to all that is delicate and illusive in Nature, found perhaps its fullest expression in that grave old Puritan lady looking through the quiet refinement of her grey room, sitting in solemn profile in all the quiet habit of her long life.

Compared with later work, the execution is "tighter." In the portrait of the mother we are very far indeed from the admirable looseness of handling which is the charm of the portrait of Miss Rose Corder. There every object is born unconsciously beneath the passing of the brush. Here the touch is less certain, less prompt; but the painter's vision is more sincere and more intense. And to those who object to the artificiality of the arrangement, I reply that if the old lady is sitting in a room artificially arranged, Lady Archibald Campbell may be said to be walking through incomprehensible space. But what really decides me to place this portrait above the others is the fact that while painting his mother's portrait the painter was unquestionably absorbed in his model; and absorption in the model is perhaps the first quality in portrait-painting. Still, for my own personal pleasure, to satisfy the innermost cravings of my own soul, I would choose to live with the portrait of Miss Alexander. Truly, this picture seems to me the most beautiful in the world. I know very well that it has not the profound beauty of the Infantes by Velasquez in the Louvre; but for pure magic of inspiration is it not more delightful? I think so — just as Shelley's "Sensitive Plant" thrills the innermost sense like no other poem in the language. The portrait of Miss Alexander enchants with the music of colour, with the music of composition. The grey note pervades the picture—treble in the high light, contralto in the half-tints, baritone in the shadows. And in the power of carrying *le ton local* throughout the picture the genius of the colourist is tested. To this rule there is no exception. It matters not whether the scheme of colour be rich or deep or startling, subdued or simple or complex. Very often the most beautiful colour has been obtained with black and grey and brown, and white tinted with bitumen. The principle is applicable to the colourists of all the schools—Florentine, Venetian, Dutch, Flemish, French, and English. And judged by this test—and I know of no other—Mr. Whistler stands among the very first of all the world's colourists. G. M.

(To be concluded.)

THE DRAMA.

"The Breadwinner."—"Chris."

WORD-COINING is an innocent pastime. This week I propose "dipsodrama," and I propose it to connote two plays which have just been produced to show, among other things, the dire effects of alcoholism on young husbands—*The Breadwinner* at the Avenue and *Chris* at the Vaudeville. The Avenue play is from the pen of Mr. Alfred C. Calmour. This journal (see title-page) is a "Review of Letters and the Arts," and its readers are, therefore, probably unacquainted with the name of Mr. Alfred C. Calmour. But there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in the most intelligent reader's philosophy, and Mr. Calmour is one of them. He has been omitted, I fancy, even from Mr. H. D. Traill's lengthy roll of minor poets, and yet he has written several plays in blank verse. This time he has ventured on prose, and it is very minor prose—minor but violent. When Bob Acres said that "damns have had their day," he reckoned without *The Breadwinner*, whose hero interlards his remarks, addressed to his wife and other ladies, with the monosyllable in question, not to mention another expletive generally indicated in respectable journals by a discreet "by ——." It is all the fault of champagne, Pommery, 1880, which the hero drinks—like a hero, and like Mr. Eccles of lamented memory—out of tumblers. He does this with all the more freedom because it is not he who pays for the champagne, but his wife. He was once something (blameless) in the City, but has broken down from overwork, and his wife has to support him by going on the stage while he takes to what Mr. George Meredith would call "Old Veuve." Unfortunately, he takes to a young widow, as well as the old, a grass-widow whom, under the influence of the 1880 vintage, he offers to kiss, just as his wife happens to enter the room. Most husbands, at so delicate a juncture, would say to their wives, as the barber says to his beloved in Mr. Barrie's play, "I feel I owe you an apology." Not so the husband of *The Breadwinner*. When his wife indignantly orders the grass-widow out of the house, he interposes with the "by ——" already mentioned, adding that the house is his own and the lady shall stay in it. Not only does the lady stay, but she makes herself quite at home, plays classical music on the wife's piano, and taunts the wife—who, strange to say, also remains—with the inferiority of her personal charms. Clearly the husband is a gentleman who, to quote Mr. Meredith once more, "has not yet rounded Cape Turk." The wife, though some natural tears she sheds, is apparently prepared to fall in with this triangular arrangement, until the advent of an amorous theatrical manager, who is anxious to make it quadrangular, brings matters to a crisis. The husband, having exhausted the stock of Pommery, has tried soda-water as an alternative, and is thus sober enough to overhear a conversation between the manager and his wife, in which his conduct is described in unflattering but not exaggerated language. To hear yourself accused, behind your back, of dipsomania is quite enough to cure you of that vice—on the stage; and, accordingly, we are not surprised to find the husband brought to his senses, and falling into his wife's arms, as the curtain descends. I have called *The Breadwinner* a dipsodrama, but I am not quite sure, after all, whether Mr. Calmour does not ascribe the husband's misconduct less to the Pommery, 1880, than to the fact that he is left alone by his wife in the evening while she goes out to win bread on the stage. In that case, Mr. Calmour's play becomes a thesis-drama, the thesis, I take it, being that it is better for the invalided secretary of an Insurance Company to die of hunger (not to mention thirst) rather than let his wife work for his, and her, living. For in the end the wife, in forgiving her husband, declares that she will desert the stage, so that, clearly, when all the Pommery, 1880, is consumed, and all the soda-water, the pair will have to die and be covered, like the Children in the Wood, with leaves by the little birds. The naïveté of Mr. Calmour's minor prose is on a par with the primeval simplicity of his ethics. The first-night audience took it all as a capital joke, and laughed most loudly when the author would fain have been most serious. But one's heart was wrung to see players so capable as Miss Olga Brandon and Miss Alma Murray, Miss Laura Linden and Mr. Lewis Waller, made the innocent butts of this untoward merriment. The fact is, Mr. Calmour's theme was all right; it was his treatment which was mistaken. He should have done purposely what the audience did for him without his permission—turned the subject into a farce. The notion of the two ladies, wife and grass-widow, the two beverages, Pommery

and soda-water, and the two Don Juans, husband and theatrical manager, would—with the addition of a few cupboards for hiding-places, and some "property," say a policy of insurance, passed in turn from one character to another, like the letter in *Les Pattes de Mouche*—have formed an excellent foundation for some wild Palais Royal absurdity. But, then—some cynic will say—we should be in danger of weeping as bitterly at Mr. Calmour's farce as we laughed heartily at his serious drama.

Mr. Louis N. Parker, our second dipsodramatist, will, I like to think, some day do useful work for the stage. His first effort, *The Sequel*, was a one-act piece of remarkable promise; and his second, *A Bohemian*, which recently had a short career at the Globe, though not a good play as a whole, was not without many touches showing originality, and what, for want of a better term, must be called the instinct of the playwright. So it is with *Chris*, which has been seen this week in a series of afternoon performances at the Vaudeville. Here, again, we have the spectacle of a husband sadly misbehaving himself under the influence, not of champagne, but of what is (sometimes) made out of champagne or the champagne-grape, namely, cognac. There is, one is glad, for the credit of human nature, to record, more shame in Mr. Parker's inebriate than in Mr. Calmour's. He consents to be separated from his wife in order that he may retire to Central Africa to become sober. Unfortunately, on his return, he finds that his wife, believing him dead, has fallen in love with someone else, and once more—with the assistance of his crafty father-in-law, who is anxious to get him out of the way—he falls a victim to his old vice. Of course, he ill-treats his wife, strikes her, and ultimately nearly strangles her: indeed, he imagines that he has quite done so, and the shock kills him—just in convenient time for her to marry the good man of her second choice. All this, it is needless to remark, makes an absurd play, crude, conventional, melodramatic; yet it is not wanting in clever details. The position of affairs, for instance, in the first act—wherein we have the wife half glad to be free from her drunken husband, half hoping that he will return to her another man; the husband willing to go and work out his salvation alone, yet reluctant to leave his wife in the clutches of her rascally father—is interesting and skilfully contrived; the rascally father, too, though by no means a new stage-type, is vigorously sketched. Had the action been less violent and the dialogue less exuberant—in other words, had *Chris* been another play—Mr. Parker might have——but why indulge in "might have beens"? Mrs. Lancaster-Wallis rather exaggerated the already excessive emotionalism of the wife, Mr. Herbert Waring did his best to make the dipsomaniac a plausible personage, and Mr. Sant-Matthews was excellent as the reprobate father. A. B. W.

THE WEEK.

WALT WHITMAN'S final utterance, and how he looked at the end, are both recorded in the current *Harper*. His last poem, "Death's Valley," was written to accompany an engraving of a painting by GEORGE INNESS. Like BROWNING'S last poem, the epilogue to "Asolando," in which the poet "greets the unseen with a cheer," it is appropriate as a testament—

> "And I myself for long, O Death, have breathed my every breath
> Amid the nearness and the silent thought of thee.
> . . . . I do not fear thee,
> Nor celebrate the struggle, or contortion, or hard-tied knot."

The frontispiece of *Harper's* is a beautiful reproduction of MR. J. W. ALEXANDER'S painting of WALT WHITMAN, and there is also an engraving of a recent sketch by the same artist.

THE daily press has borrowed lavishly from the delightful anecdotes and sayings in MR. LEHMANN'S "Some Letters and Recollections" (*Cornhill*). The article contains things interesting and entertaining said or done by BULWER LYTTON, WILKIE COLLINS, BROWNING, HAWTHORNE, EMERSON, and told too in a manner so excellent that they are henceforth part and parcel of our literary ana. In the whole paper nothing is finer than the account of HENRY F. CHORLEY, the musical critic of the *Athenæum*. His appreciation of "real people"—those whose rank or means made it unnecessary for them to live by their brains—is a trait in itself so characteristic that we see the man and all his oddity at once. "Real people, sir!" He might have been invented by DICKENS. Then there is the strange form his hospitality took once, when he asked MR. LEHMANN whether he was engaged on a certain date, and receiving an answer in the negative, invited himself to dine at his friend's house. "I shall have a blue-coat boy staying with me," he continued, "and I will bring him with me, it will do the lad good." One instantly thinks of Micawber inviting himself and David Copperfield to dine with the doctor. But CHORLEY was himself one of the most hospitable of men, and the liberties he took could be excused. MRS. LEHMANN'S account of how in his old age he imagined himself when dining with her to be in his own house, and pressed things on BOCKETT, and wouldn't let WILKIE COLLINS smoke in the dining-room, is beyond praise.

SIR C. GAVAN DUFFY concludes his "Conversations and Correspondence with Thomas Carlyle" in the *Contemporary*. Not a few will thank SIR CHARLES for presenting so fully the gracious and chivalrous side of CARLYLE'S nature. We look forward with interest to his promised survey of the chief misapprehensions current in later years about the Chelsea household. In the meantime we are to have shortly from MR. JOHN NICHOL a new study of CARLYLE in the long-interrupted "English Men of Letters." Whether the forthcoming volume is to resume or conclude the series, it is well that the subject and the author should be men of such mark. With MR. NICHOL'S "Byron," and one or two other biographies, "The English Men of Letters" reached its high-tide.

THE first two numbers of *The Novel Review* were purely experimental—sent up like kites to see if there was any wind. A favourable breeze seems to be blowing, and the new venture starts off with its real first number this month. The cover is a great improvement on the temporary one, and the contents are liker what was promised when the magazine was first announced. MISS ANNE FILLONNEAU contributes a notice of PIERRE LOTI; "Scandinavian Fiction of the Day" is discussed by MR. G. F. STEFFEN; "A. B. W." maintains in "Novel and Drama" that the drama's laws are conditioned, like the laws of any other fine art, by the medium it works in; and MR. JOHN E. BARLAS makes a daring prose experiment in a very enthusiastic estimate of MR. OSCAR WILDE.

FROM advanced sheets of a forthcoming volume of studies in contemporary French literature by the Dutch critic, MR. W. G. C. BYVANCK, a French journal reproduces the author's study of VERLAINE. Some specimens of VERLAINE'S conversation are given. It ranges frankly over all the subjects of his thought and imagination. Like most Frenchmen, and some Englishmen now, he prefers RACINE to SHAKESPEARE. "SHAKESPEARE!" he cried. "Why must that name be always flung in my face? He has talent, of course; who ever denied it? But this *Shake-pear, ce secoueur de poires*, never gathered golden fruit, the sole true fruit of poetry which would have marked him as the first genius

of the world. After RACINE he is a pedant, a Jansenist. (To VERLAINE, the Protestant is the abomination of desolation.) I do not exaggerate, I have nothing to say against his *Othello*, nor even against his *Henry VIII.*; but to name him in the same breath with RACINE!—him! an understrapper! a barren rascal!" Such a fine frenzy is refreshing, really wholesome. It will doubtless move our English bile; but we should remember that VERLAINE has produced wonderful poetry, and that it wouldn't have been so wonderful had he preferred SHAKESPEARE to RACINE; that is, had he been other than VERLAINE.

MESSRS. HENRY & Co. will publish shortly a new volume of stories and poems by MR. BARRY PAIN, entitled "Stories and Interludes," which will represent the latest and most serious imaginative work of the author of "In a Canadian Canoe."

IN view of the change brought about by the altered conditions of publishing in English-speaking countries by the American Copyright legislation of 1891, MR. HEINEMANN has made arrangements to issue new works of fiction in a form immediately accessible to the large class of readers who are unwilling to be permanently and entirely beholden to the Circulating Libraries. The new series will be known as the Crown Copyright Series, and each volume will be issued at a uniform price of five shillings.

WE do not think there exists a better edition of "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club" than that issued this week by the MESSRS. MACMILLAN. MR. CHARLES DICKENS, JUN., writes the introduction, giving a history of the book. This is the first of a series of reprints of the first editions of DICKENS'S novels to be published by MESSRS. MACMILLAN. Each book will contain all the original illustrations, and a biographical and bibliographical introduction.

FATHER LEITH FORBES, whose expulsion from France has created some little excitement, spent his early years in France, and is one of the finest French scholars of the day. He is one of the few men now living who have spoken to FOUCHÉ, the famous or infamous DUKE OF OTRANTO, whom he met in a Parisian salon in his childhood, and of whom he entertains a clear recollection; but his French connections all belonged to the Royalist and Clerical section. The learned Father, who is a member of the Order of Jesus, has devoted much of his time to literary pursuits, and his most important work—which exhibits great historical, antiquarian, and genealogical knowledge of two countries—is his "History of the Scottish Men-at-Arms in the Service of France." He was lately stationed at Selkirk, and it was a rare treat to be personally conducted by him over SIR WALTER SCOTT'S library at Abbotsford, of which he had control.

M. ANDRÉ RÉVILLE, who has been appointed to the Chair of the History of Labour, founded by the Municipality of Paris, made many friends in Oxford last year when he was studying in the Bodleian for the completion of his work on the English popular movements in the fourteenth century. He had a brilliant career at the École des Chartes, and chose this subject for his thesis, which, from the extent and thoroughness of his investigations, promises to become a classic work upon the subject. He is a son of M. ALBERT RÉVILLE, who is personally well known in England, and many of whose books on religious questions have been translated into English. Would that we in England had an École des Chartes to train our young historians, and that our Corporations or County Councils would follow the example of the Paris Municipality, and found Chairs of history!

WE are glad to hear that a movement is on foot among the friends of the late ARTHUR GORING THOMAS to give one or more performances of his opera, *Nadeshda*, at one of our leading theatres about the middle of May, the proceeds to be devoted to a scholarship bearing his name at the Royal Academy of Music, where he studied. Although we may remember with no little satisfaction that he lived to realise the triumph of a performance of his *Esmeralda* at Covent Garden by the foremost artists of the day, we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that his opera *Nadeshda*—a still more finished and perfect work—has never yet met with due recognition. Even if the efforts of his friends—and their name is legion—should do no more than start this lovely work on a new and prosperous career, they will still have founded the best possible monument to the memory of our genial and gifted composer.

THE obituary since our last issue includes the names of SIR WILLIAM BOWMAN, who was not only a skilled ophthalmic surgeon, but a distinguished man of science; SIR FRANCIS KNOWLES, a learned mathematician; SIR ANDREW AGNEW, Bart., formerly Liberal Member for Wigtownshire; MR. JOHN MEYER HEATHCOTE, who once "tied" with the late LORD DE RAMSEY, then MR. EDWARD FELLOWES, in a Parliamentary election for Huntingdonshire; MR. WILLIAM BARBER, Q.C., lately a County Court Judge for Derbyshire; MAJOR SIR ROBERT MILLER MUNDY, K.C.M.G., who had been Lieutenant-Governor of various West Indian colonies; MR. HENRY WREFORD, long the *Times* correspondent at Naples; the PRINCE DE CHIMAY ET CARAMAN, the Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs and a musical virtuoso; M. FRANÇOIS D'ELHOUNGUE, a well-known Belgian orator and advocate, and formerly Liberal Deputy for Ghent; the COMTE DE ROUVILLE, the designer of the Palais de l'Industrie in the Champs Élysées; and GENERAL CONSTANTINE VON ALVENSLEBEN, commander of the Third German Army Corps in the war of 1870.

THE RESULTS OF "THE RENUNCIATION."

KING MILAN has completed his abdication of three years ago in a manner unique in the world's history: he has resigned all the rights and privileges, guaranteed to him by the Constitution and civil laws of Serbia, as a member of the Royal House and as citizen; he has abandoned all his powers and all his duties as father of the young King. The Serbian official *Gazette* has published a dry edict declaring that Milan Obrenovitch IV. has ceased to be a member of the Royal Family and a Serbian subject, and is free to become the citizen of any other country.

Many people, in and out of Serbia, would be glad if this strange conclusion of what once promised to be a brilliant career put an end to the political agitations of the unhappy little kingdom.

But King Milan's last gift to the country he reigned over for eighteen years has proved a veritable Pandora's box. The open adherents of the former dynasty (Karageorge) have increased rapidly in numbers and boldness since Milan's abdication, and now they declare that his latest "renunciations" are wilful and deadly insults to the Serbian nation, and that such insults can only be properly answered by the sending away of the young King. They demand the recall of the Karageorge dynasty, and say that "the son of a traitor like Milan Obrenovitch is unfit to reign."

Even many of those Serbians who have hitherto remained loyal to the Obrenovitch dynasty, despite the suicidal conduct of the ex-King and the extraordinary cynicism shown by the Cabinet Ministers

IF housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

during the debates in the Assembly, do not hesitate to avow their belief that "blood alone can wash out Milan's mortal insult to the nation."

But, putting all political excitement aside, a series of serious constitutional questions has been opened by the completion of the "renunciation." One of these questions, at least, has interest and importance for students of history outside the Serbian kingdom, and it is this:—When King Milan abdicated, the three Regents he had chosen to govern the country during his son's minority took their oaths of office before him. Many legal and political authorities condemned that proceeding as unconstitutional and illegal, and declared that the Regents ought to take the oaths before the National Assembly. These objections were answered by the assertion that the Regents' oaths were taken before the father of the King for whom they had to conduct the Regency, and that the King's father had certain rights and privileges guaranteed to him by the Constitution to enable him to protect and watch over the interests of his son.

Now this question, which has been in partial abeyance for three years, has come up again. The man before whom the Regents took their oaths (which were never, in defiance of a special paragraph of the Constitution, repeated before the Skupshtina) has actually and legally relinquished all his rights and privileges as a member of the Royal House and all his constitutional rights to guard, as a father, the interests and education of his son. He has ceased to be a citizen of Serbia, and to-morrow may be a naturalised citizen of Russia or Austria! "The present Regents were chosen by a man who has shown himself utterly indifferent to the well-being of his dynasty and the honour of his country; what confidence can the nation have in men who were chosen by such a man and never afterwards confirmed in their offices by the representatives of the people?" This, and similar questions, are on everyone's lips, and are put—more or less brutally, more or less lucidly—in all the organs of the daily press. In fact, it *is* a strange state of things when a nation is ruled by Regents chosen only by, and who have made oath only to, a man who may be—who has now a full legal right to be—the citizen of a country unfriendly to, possibly in active war with, what was his own.

This consideration becomes daily a more bitter and burning one: one portion of the Opposition press calls the Regents—in its latest leading articles—"usurpers of power," and declares that "laws signed and promulgated by them are no laws because they are themselves not lawfully Regents." The most moderate of the papers call attention to the "very ambiguous position of the present Regents," and urge the immediate convocation of the Great Skupshtina which can alone legalise their position and transfer to them the duty of superintending the education of the young King. The present Constitution states plainly that "so long as the father of the King lives he has the right and duty to control and guide the education of his son until he attains his majority." It states plainly also, that "when the father is dead, the task must fall to Regents elected by the National Assembly." Now the father of the young King lives, but he has thrown away the duty imposed on him by the Constitution; or—to speak more exactly—he has transferred his rights to the Regents in the same letter in which he declares himself no longer a member of the Serbian Royal Family or a citizen of the country!

Now that the father of the young King is—so to say—morally and legally dead, the supervision of the young King's education ought, according to the Constitution, to be carried on by Regents chosen by the Great Skupshtina. But the "Regents" have the power in their hands, and most probably will try to retain it, for their "election by a Great Skupshtina" would be very doubtful indeed—and no one in Serbia knows that better than they do. The Radicals, who have kept themselves in power the last three years, may be tempted to try how a Radical Regency can get on with a Radical Cabinet.

The young King, who will be sixteen the 14th of August next, has had more than one boy's share of unhappiness, one would think. By the will of his father he was torn away from his mother's side in Wiesbaden; he lived with his father in the Belgrade palace during all the bitter excitement of the proceedings for divorce: when twelve years old he was "king" by his father's wilful abdication, yet he had to see, two years later, his mother expelled by force from the country and forbidden to return! Now he has had to hear, or see—for he is always resident in Belgrade—the unutterable bitterness of the quarrels excited by his father's "renunciation" of all his rights and duties as father, soldier, and citizen. Most people who have been about the young King from his babyhood do not give him credit for much feeling, although all think he has will enough and wit enough. But some, who know him also believe he has had will and wit enough to subdue his feelings and to be silent, since he could not help. When he is of age and really a king, a ruler, we shall see of what metal he is made! There is undoubtedly, on both father's and mother's sides, a strain of the purest old chivalric blood of Crusading knights and troubadours in him. "Les Baux" of Provence—who intermarried with French and Italian princesses (and at least one Scottish queen), the "Balzos" of Naples, the "Balsch" of Albania, Serbia, and Roumania—these have given to history many an illustrious name, and with the blood, perhaps some of the great qualities of these may have come down through the many generations to Alexander Obrenovitch V., King of Serbia. If so—and most people believe somewhat in heredity in these days—then neither the beautiful mother's too impetuous pride nor the talented father's all too light reading of a ruler's duties and all too easy forgetfulness of a son's claims will do lasting injury to the young Sovereign or to his land. What wilfulness has damaged, a wise, strong will may make good again, and Serbia yet hold up her head unshamed among the Balkan nations. But what of these next two years? For on *these everything the Serbians can hope of good depends.*

E. L. M.

McKINLEYISM AND DEPRESSION.

NEMESIS has overtaken McKinley. The desperate attempts made by Protectionist producers to maintain prices or raise them by artificial means have failed, and no longer sheltered by the effects of a bounteous harvest—coupled with scarcity in Europe—McKinleyism stands unmasked. Depression has set in and will remain until a new fiscal policy is adopted. Everything at present points to the success of Free Trade principles at the coming presidential election, and the Tariff Reform party is now entering on the campaign. A New York correspondent connected with the Tariff Reform Committee—the American Cobden Club—which sends its speakers and distributes its literature over the continent to fight McKinleyism, writing on 18th March gives the following summary of the present situation:—

"The attempts which were made to raise the prices in consequence of the higher duties imposed by the McKinley Tariff, except in a few instances, fell quite flat, and instead of going up, prices actually went down. This was not because there was not concerted effort to raise prices, but was due to the fact that consumers refused absolutely to buy at higher prices than they were paying. This was shown very strongly in the carpet-thread trade. The increased duties on carpet wools compelled the manufacturers to raise their prices from 10 to 15 per cent., but the sales fell off so much and the stocks increased to such an extent that one of the largest carpet manufacturers was forced to dispose of his stock at auction, and prices went down to a point somewhat lower than before the new duties came into effect. Carpets are now sold at about the same price as before

the McKinley Tariff. The large stock of imported woollens and worsteds, and the large production here, prevented a rise in prices for these products. How much woollens and worsteds were lowered in quality by the admixture of substitutes such as "shoddy," cattle hair, and cotton, cannot be readily shown, although it is generally believed that such has been the case.

"Great depression has prevailed for nearly a year in the iron industries. Throughout Pennsylvania, Ohio, and the South, the wages of workmen have been cut down repeatedly, and, though the quantity of pig iron made has continually increased down to the present, many furnaces are preparing to cease production. Altogether, the prospects are not very favourable. It is a well-recognised fact in all sections that, had it not been for the enormous cereal crop here and the failure of the crop abroad, this country would be now in the greatest depression ever known. As it is, the present depression is great, and there seems as yet no sign of its improving. This is accounted for in various ways. Believers in a high tariff, of course, bring forth every reason except the tariff, while the opponents of the McKinley Bill charge it to that measure. Others, like the free silver advocates, claim that it is due entirely to the depression in silver, on the ground that, since gold is practically the only standard of value, the price of everything is measured in gold, and as a result of the increased demand for it, the prices of products have gone down, and as a result, enterprise in every direction has practically ceased."

THE CLEAN COTTAGE.

THIS is a little sordid story that was told me in the cottages. Like many sordid things, it is very human, and, therefore, has a pathetic side.

There is a cottage that stands by itself in the little narrow valley that is called here the Gull. Its official approach is by a lane, which in winter is a long pool of liquid mud, and your best way to it lies along the footpath, through the low-lying meadows, that brings you to the plank thrown across the stream, close to which the red-roofed cottage stands. The river—we call any gutter that flows, a river in Suffolk—is all the summer a mere languid dribble of dirty water between deep banks fringed with purple-stemmed alders; but in winter it is often a brimming, yellow flood. In all seasons of the year it flows on through the village green below, and into it are cast slops, and old boots, and cabbage stalks, and out of it is drawn the drinking-water for all the cottages near.

The moist green meadows are beautiful in spring and summer, starred with marsh marigold and cowslips and lady's smocks; and then, again, through the wonderful serene East Anglian autumn, with yellow fleabane and with pale mauve crocus—*colchicum autumnale*—that opens delicate cups to the sun. Above the meadows, on the slope of the hills that rise on either side, are fields that, to a discerning eye, are quite as beautiful as the pastures. During one part of the year they are stretches of warm, brown earth, and then, later on, they become a sweep of rustling corn; or a bean-field, giving out gusts of subtly sweet odours when the sun shines; or serried ranks of glaucous-leaved swedes, that take tender shades of salmon and apricot at the fall of the year, and have the fresh ripe smell that is dear to an eastern county heart. To the south of the Gull is a "squeech," or little grove, that harbours birds innumerable, and the valley is always alive with the little restless creatures. In April and May the nightingales sing round the cottage all through the magic spring nights, when the stabbing East wind has dropped, and the air is sweet with the hawthorn and the almond scent of the blossoming apple and pear trees, and the smell of the plumed lilacs and the wall-flowers in the little garden.

But the glory of the cottage (which is a poor dilapidated place) does not consist in such things as these. In the scrupulously clean living room there is mahogany and horse-hair furniture, brought to such a state of shining polish that it strikes the beholder with awe and admiration. Amos Copping was a lad of seventeen when he married his first wife, Alice, who was a servant at the rectory. Work was slack, and Amos enlisted in a regiment that was ordered out to the Crimea. He behaved himself so well that after the war he was, to quote his old mother who told me the story, "promoted to ride a-horse-back, and to go to Cork." Meanwhile Alice had returned to service, and during the time that husband and wife were parted she had earned money to buy a little furniture. She must have denied herself many things, for when he joined her she had saved every penny of her wages, and bit by bit the precious household goods were bought. He left the army when his time was up, and they settled in the cottage in the Gull. Alice was as "house-proud" as only eastern county women can be; exquisitely clean, slaving for her furniture, bestowing a world of loving care upon the poor ugly things, putting her life, as it were, into the polishing and furbishing of the little rooms. No children came to disturb the spotless neatness of the chairs, shrouded in elegant crochet antimacassars of her own making; no dirty little boots clambered impiously on the sacred sofa; no little sticky claws clutched at the china dogs sitting in state on the mantelshelf; no cunning little arms slipped themselves round her neck, drawing her heart away from the furniture.

In middle life Alice sickened of an internal complaint that the doctor said was incurable. We of the richer classes know how terrible is such an illness, without hope, although we can obtain a hundred alleviations and contrivances to dull the pain. But among the poor it must be faced in all its naked horror. There in the low, mean, upstair chamber, noisome with the smell of the disease, Alice lay for weeks uncomplaining, with that patience that belongs only to the poor and to the saints. Her one cry to her husband was, "Don't let your house go down, Amos, don't let your house go down!" When she was dying she made him promise to marry, exactly one month after her death, a friend of hers who would be careful of the beloved furniture. She sent for this woman, and told her what her wishes were. "Folks used to say I had a secret way of polishing my furniture—it fared to look like gold," the dying woman said with a feeble smile. "I never told anyone what I used, Jenny, but now I'll tell you. Promise me to use it when I'm gone, and you marry Amos."

And then she imparted her cherished recipe. Jenny kissed the poor damp face, and gave her promise, and Alice died. A month after, Jenny married Amos; and the furniture is now as reverently cared for as of old.

C. F.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

AN INDIAN PROTEST.

SIR,—During the debate on the second reading of the Indian Councils Bill, Mr. Maclean, member for Oldham, among other things said:—"The Barons who could not sign their names to the Magna Charta, or simple, unlettered English peasants, were more capable of attending to the administration of their country than the most gifted Bengalee . . . the Bengalees who had been slaves for fifty generations. That was a simple physiological fact."

Making even the most generous allowance for the temper into which the hon. gentleman had worked himself at the idea of some imaginary concessions to the people of India, we are bound to take exception to such language. We are sadly disappointed at the hon. gentleman's knowledge of history and ethnology. To protest against conduct which is likely to cause strained feelings between the two countries, it is contemplated to hold a public meeting at an early date.

We sincerely hope all true Englishmen will support us.—We remain, Sir, your most obedient servants,

N. M. CHATERJE.	J. N. GUPTA.
H. D. BOSE.	SATCHIDANANDA SINHA.
SYED H. IMAM.	AUGUSTIN S. GHOSH.
JUANEN N. RÂY.	C. R. DAS.
ATHANASIUS GHOSH.	K. RAMACHANDRA.
D. M. COLAH.	MAHAMUD UL HUQ.

JUANEN N. RÂY,
Hon. Sec. Organising Committee,
59, Westmoreland Road, Bayswater, W.
March 31st, 1892.

"POPE, FRIENDLY SOCIETIES, AND MASONS."

SIR,—Will you allow me to say, and will Sir Charles Dilke excuse my saying, that his letter in your last issue betrays some confusion of thought on certain points raised in my reply to his article? And may I add that he uses the terms "secret societies" and "friendly societies" as if they were convertible, and that the facts do not at all justify him in so doing?

I am not aware that the secret societies of Italy—the Carbonari any more than the Mala Vita—have any claim to be called "friendly societies," as the term is generally understood in this country. Nor can Good Templars properly be classed as members of a friendly society. Theirs is a temperance organisation, conferring, I believe, none of the benefits that are ordinarily associated with the idea of a friendly society. Masonry is in a similar position.

I must again repeat emphatically that "Catholics in Great Britain can and do join the Foresters and Oddfellows without let or hindrance." In Ireland several of these societies are very strong, and Catholics compose the majority of many lodges. That "some Roman Catholics" are members, as stated by Sir Charles Dilke, gives an entirely erroneous impression of the facts, and the reference to "his Catholic friend," who is a Freemason, though he knows he is thereby incurring the censure of the Church, tends to increase the inaccuracy of the idea conveyed. I think I may safely deny that Sir Charles Dilke has a "Roman Catholic friend who is a Freemason," for if he is a Mason he is not a Catholic. He may call himself one, but the name is not the thing. A Catholic who becomes a Mason is *ipso facto* excommunicate, I believe. At any rate, he would not be allowed to receive the Sacraments of the Church—to communicate visibly with his fellow Catholics—unless he expressly severed his connection with Masonry.

Sir Charles says it is "difficult for ordinary Roman Catholics to understand what is the shade of difference" that rejects Good Templars and Masons and accepts Foresters and Oddfellows. He supplies me with a fairly specious answer when he says, in regard to Masonry, that I "am not a Mason and am unacquainted with the facts." How, then, might I ask, can he assert that "an ordinary Roman Catholic" has any difficulty in discerning between Templarism, Masonry, and Forestry? But this would be a mere quibble.

Catholics can gain knowledge of such matters in two ways. Suppose a Catholic, uninstructed in regard to the Good Templars, were to join that body, he would soon find himself out of harmony with the members. The tone of Good Templarism would be foreign to his ideas. It is impossible to have even the bare outline of religious ceremonies without having a colouring also of the underlying creed. A Catholic makes the sign of the Cross before and after prayer; a non-Catholic does not. In a thousand ways the points of difference will come out. But, apart from knowledge gained in this way, Catholics accept the guidance of the Church; they trust to her instincts, her knowledge and wisdom; they know that not for trivial reasons does she absolutely forbid this or discountenance that.

In regard to Australia I cannot admit that "we have the distinct fact" that Forestry there is exactly what it is here. Do local conditions, the character of the men who control the affairs of the society, and its unwritten code, which may differ in different places, not suggest to Sir Charles that there may be vital variations between English and Australian Forestry. No doubt good grounds could be given by Cardinal Moran for his prohibition, if he has issued such a prohibition.

What does Sir Charles mean by the Catholic Benefit Society being one of "the affiliated *orders*"? This is a friendly society for which the Catholic Church has no more responsibility than has the English Government for the "British Empire Assurance Company," or "Soap Company," or the "United Kingdom Alliance." The society is recognised under the Friendly Societies Acts, and its rules and regulations have the sanction of the Registrar of Friendly Societies. The quotation from its prospectus is doubtless accurate, and in it there is nothing objectionable. But the society is in no way "affiliated" to the Church.

Sir Charles's statement as to the recognition of God by the English Freemasons is satisfactory, but he did not touch upon my query as to whether, in a Christian country, a society, such as the Masonic body, can completely ignore in its semi-religious rites the Christian dispensation while being quite compatible with membership of Christian Churches? The recognition of God is common to Mahommedan, Jew, and Christian; but the latter will find wanting in Masonry any sign, token, or evidence that there is a revelation amplifying and fulfilling the Mosaic law. And if French Masons are repudiated by English Masons because they ignore God in their rites, how can Christians participate with those who ignore Christ? As Sir Charles Dilke inferentially justifies the repudiation of Atheists, is it logical to demand that the Catholic Church, which is but a creation of man if not Christ's work, shall allow her members to communicate, as it were, with those who ignore her Founder?

Again, the Church forbids the taking of any unnecessary oath. If, however, as the exception to this salutary rule, oaths are permitted in order that useful organisations, giving distinct and clearly specified advantages to their members, and promoting thrift and co-operative effort, may exist among Catholics, it is surely evident that a very slight difference indeed between two societies may make one lawful and the other unlawful?

Let me add what Pius IX. is said to have once remarked to a non-Catholic who was praising the noble exterior of St. Peter's—"Ah! my son, to understand the full beauty of the Church, it has to be seen *from the inside*." Things that, to those of intellect and understanding outside the Church, seem hard, marvellous, inconsistent, and repellent, are as plain as the proverbial pikestaff to "ordinary" Catholics.—Yours faithfully,

276, Strand, W.C. C. DIAMOND.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Friday, April 1st, 1892.

THAT tireless huntsman of Tennysonian parallels, Mr. Churton Collins, has, doubtless, already noted for a new edition of his "Illustrations" one more coincidence in the fact that Ben Jonson in his latter days also turned to the story of Robin Hood. So has Lord Tennyson in *The Foresters*. O most palpable parallel! Quick with thy tablets, Mr. Collins, for remember, "it is the business of critical justice to give every bird of the Muses his proper feather!" The opening of Ben Jonson's prologue is singularly appropriate, with one alteration of happy significance, to Lord Tennyson to-day.

> "He that hath feasted you these forty years,
> And fitted fables for your finer ears . . . "

begins Ben Jonson. Lord Tennyson, however, can say sixty!—sixty-two in fact, reckoning from the "Poems, chiefly Lyrical," in 1830. What a golden record! Let the idiot about to ask of the new play, "Will it add to the poet's reputation?" go away and think of that. In one other happy particular also the Jonsonian parallel does not apply. Poor Jonson had at that time hissed his "Come leave the loathéd stage" into the faces of an ungrateful public. Lord Tennyson still sits high and honoured amongst us—a Merlin whom the Vivien of Time has robbed not of his charm.

Ben Jonson, too, in writing *The Sad Shepherd*, had his eye not so much on Robin Hood and Maid Marian as on Æglamour, a sorrowful swain who had lost his love, and went, therefore, wandering across Sherwood, mourning her in such exquisite verse as—

> "Here she was wont to go! and here! and here!
> Just where those daisies, pinks, and violets grow:
> The world may find the spring by following her."

There is some pretty love-play between Robin Hood and Maid Marian; but they are evidently happily married, with their romance behind them, settled down in Sherwood as successful outlaws. Possibly the witch Maulkin suggested to Lord Tennyson the inclusion of "an old woman," reputed witch, among his *dramatis personæ*, though the part played by her does not in the most trifling degree resemble that played by Jonson's—whose pastoral, half English and half classical, as was his wont, we may now, so far as Robin Hood is concerned, dismiss from our minds.

Dr. Garnett, in his preface to the recent reissue of Peacock's delightful *Maid Marian*, fears that there can be little doubt but that Robin Hood was a myth. "The name originally belonged to a mythical forest elf," says his learned authority. An old ballad admits that there was even then some difficulty about the manner of Robin's birth:—

"There's mony ane sings o' grass, o' grass,
And mony ane sings o' corn;
And mony ane sings o' Robin Hood
Kens little whar' he was born;"

but it still leaves him his humanity, if it be humanity illegitimate. Friar Tuck, too, must go, we are told, go pack with Friar Rush. Ah me! However, "a mythical forest elf" is not much use in drama, save, may-be, as an "attendant sprite"; and in dealing with his story Lord Tennyson not only restores Robin his humanity, but also his earldom, thus following the main stream of tradition which makes him Robert Earl of Huntingdon, outlawed for shooting the king's deer. The other characters in *The Foresters* are the old familiar ones, including Sir Richard Lea, who hath one fair daughter, Marian, a dauntless girl in love with Robin Hood. Sir Richard has as little control over her as his prototype, Baron Fitzwater, has over Matilda, in Peacock. Bidden to Robin's birthday in the greenwood, she says she means to go:—

"Sir Richard: Not if I barred thee up in thy chamber, like a bird in a cage.

"Marian: Then would I drop from the casement, like a spider.

"Sir Richard: But I would hoist the drawbridge, like thy master.

"Marian: And I would swim the moat, like an otter.

"Sir Richard: But I would set my men-at-arms to oppose thee, like the Lord of the Castle.

"Marian: And I would break through them all like the King of England."

It is just so father and daughter play at draughts in Peacock—though in the dropping of the spider Lord Tennyson has, with his usual felicity, found a more exquisite image than any of Peacock's. Of course, escape by such desperate fertility of expedient was not Peacock's invention, dating back at least to the transformations of Loki, in the Edda.

Well, the other familiar characters also troop in as under other greenwood trees—Friar Tuck, Will Scarlet, Much, the Sheriff of Nottingham, the Abbot who holds Sir Richard Lea's lands in pawn, while the figure of the cunning, lascivious King John haunts the whole plot, and King Richard comes in, as in "Ivanhoe," to pronounce the benediction.

Critics, I notice, are already comparing, and of course not favourably, *The Foresters* with "Ivanhoe." But that, I think, is to weigh it in the wrong scales. Full-blooded romance or poignant drama were not, apparently, Lord Tennyson's aims. Besides, the latter at least was hardly possible. Where in the blithe, merry story, where men sing songs and crack jests one minute and just as merrily crack skulls the next, where is there opportunity for dramatic intensity? There is hardly room even for characterisation, the *dramatis personæ* have been such well-known types this many a year. Peacock had the art to recognise these, and at the same time his own, limitations, when he turned the story into a sort of prose masque, filling it as full of songs as a wood with birds, and at the same time adding a touch of burlesque, lest we should be in danger of thinking his characters meant anything so serious as real romance.

If Englishmen must have their comparisons, let them make them with *Maid Marian* in this case, not with "Ivanhoe" and *As You Like It*. For *The Foresters*, like *Maid Marian*, is really a masquerade. The figures are really all actors, who for a time have donned the Lincoln green and "fleet the time carelessly" in the greenwood in a sort of dangerous picnic. It is a mistake to weigh *The Foresters* as "a drama." Lord Tennyson does not describe it so. It is, in fact, a pastoral, on the model of an Elizabethan masque—a dainty piece of convention, in which the characters are types, and the manner prescribed. To morning papers asking in robustious bass of "its power as an acting drama," we reply, Yes, it is actable, as a pastoral play is actable. It will not harrow up your soul, freeze your young blood, and so on, but it will give you a pleasant woodland entertainment, such as a certain noble lady used to give to her friends—a pleasing English landscape, with graceful figures moving across it, and sweet little bird-like songs in the air.

As in reading one of the Elizabethan masques one's eye always seeks out first the welcome italics, so do we first run through *The Foresters*, picking out the little daisies of song. There are many of them, and one at least as exquisite as any Lord Tennyson has written, this invitation to sleep, first printed, if I remember aright, in *The New Review* some two or three years ago:—

"To sleep! to sleep! the long bright day is done,
And darkness rises from the fallen sun.
To sleep! to sleep!
Whate'er thy joys, they vanish with the day;
Whate'er thy griefs, in sleep they fade away.
To sleep! to sleep!
Sleep, mournful heart, and let the past be past!
Sleep, happy soul! all life will sleep at last.
To sleep! to sleep!"

This type of song, on one or two notes, of which there are several examples scattered through "The Idylls," is peculiarly, I think, the property of Lord Tennyson. Birdlike is, I fancy, for once the scientific adjective to apply to it, for the recurrence of the refrain and the changes on one or two simple ideas seem to suggest the very manner of some birds—my ornithology being weak, I will not venture to say which. A call, a call, and then a warble; a call, a call, and then another warble. So, it seems to me, go both the birds and Lord Tennyson's song.

In a song beginning—

"There is no land like England,
Where'er the light of day be;
There are no hearts like English hearts,
Such hearts of oak as they be,"

Lord Tennyson once more exemplifies his well-known poetical thrift, for the song, as has been already pointed out elsewhere, originally appeared so long ago as the 1830 "Poems, chiefly Lyrical," and was, with another patriotic song, selected for especial scorn by "Christopher North." Lord Tennyson has made no changes in the body of the song, the two verses being reproduced, word for word, as in 1830; but he has entirely changed the chorus, which was originally in two parts, and ran as follows:—

Chorus:—"For the French the pope may shrive 'em,
For the devil a whit we heed 'em;
As for the French, God speed 'em
Unto their heart's desire,
And the merry devil drive 'em
Through the water and the fire.

Full Chorus:—"Our glory is our freedom,
We lord it o'er the sea;
We are the sons of freedom,
We are free."

It is certainly impossible to plead either against Crusty Christopher or oblivion for these lines, though he might have employed comments a little more civil than "miserable indeed" or "that is drivel." Lord Tennyson has now substituted a chorus more in the spirit of the greenwood.

A plot of italics, from which one expected most, proves somewhat disappointing. But, then, it was no little temeritous for even Lord Tennyson to give us another Titania, though he has before now shown himself the modern Fletcher. Robin lies asleep in the wood and dreams of "Mab and of the fairy king." The fairies do not appreciate the outlaws. One by one they come to the queen with complaints—of carriage-frogs crushed, sward and bracken laid waste, daisies done to death—the conventional fairy imagery—and finally suggest the removal of the court to some more secluded

spot. Titania consents, and, after promising the dreaming Robin happiness with Marian, she gives the order to march in a line which at least has all the old Tennysonian dexterity of suiting the rhythm to the action:—"*Up with you, all of you, off with you, out of it, over the wood and away!*" Surely the very grasshopper flitter of the fairies is in that line at least.

The same dexterity is shown in the romping, ring-a-roses metre of the concluding song, with which the outlaws hail the return of Richard:—

> "*Now the king is home again, and never more to roam again,*
> *Now the king is home again, the king will have his own again,*
> *Home again, home again, and each will have his own again,*
> *All the birds in merry Sherwood sing and sing him home again.*

Of the body of the play, one must admit that it sometimes lacks vitality; it kindles all too rarely, and we miss the gusto of the mediæval knock-about comedy. The wit combats are apt to be somewhat of sham-fights, all too easily settled with Shakespearean word-play. But when it does kindle, we get unmistakable passages such as that in which Marian protests her faithful love for Robin. The reader will find several such passages to mark and hive, and one or two more songs besides, such as the charming little ballad of "Master and Man." But I rather fancy that the play as a whole will act better than it reads, its very verbal frugality being one of the rare characteristics of good acting plays. Room is left for the actors, for acting, not merely for elocution. Lord Tennyson, of course, intended his play for the stage, and doubtless that is why he has been somewhat less of a Chrysostom than usual.

R. Le G.

REVIEWS.

GENEVA, 1792–1816.

E. Pictet. Biographie, Travaux et Correspondance de E. Pictet de Rochemont. Député de Genève Auprès du Congrès de Vienne. Envoyé de la Suisse à Paris et à Turin. (Geneva: 1892.)

At first sight it would seem that this book had an interest only for Genevese or at least Swiss readers, but this would be an error. The little Republic, which in former times had played so prominent a part as the cradle of the reformed creed was drawn, like so many larger States, into the whirlpool of the French Revolution, was annexed by the Convention, and recovered its independence as a canton of the Swiss Confederation at the Congress of Vienna. Pictet de Rochemont, who in 1790 had been elected Chief of the Police, had to share the fate of his city. He represented it diplomatically later on, and thus was brought into contact with most of the eminent men of his times. His biography and correspondence thus turns out to be an important contribution to the history of that eventful period.

The first interesting part of these memoirs is the true account of the atrocious means by which the annexation of Geneva was brought about, a tale rather different from that which French historians give. Thiers in his "History of the French Revolution" observes simply: "La ville de Genève fut réunie à la France." Henri Martin is nearly as laconic: "La réunion de Genève fut votée sous la pression du Directoire." Pictet shows how the matter really was. The Swiss aristocratic cantons were, of course, hostile to the Parisian revolutionists, the more so as the Swiss guard at the Bastille had been foully murdered. Geneva at that time did not belong to the Confederation, but had treaties of defensive alliance with Zürich and Berne. Savoy having been overrun by General Montesquiou, it was but natural that the little Republic asked for the protection of the stronger cantons, if its neutrality should not be respected: this was the pretext of the Convention for playing the fable of the lamb and the wolf. They declared that the reception of Swiss troops by Geneva would be considered as an act of hostility to France. The French Resident even, in violation of all international usage, issued a proclamation that the personal security of the citizens and their property would be respected, but that France demanded the punishment of the perverse authorities, traitors to their city, who had required the protection of Berne and Zürich. The real intention is shown by several letters communicated by Pictet. The Minister of War, Servan, writes to Montesquiou: "There are 20,000 good muskets in Geneva which we want; the city must be taken by force or by capitulation; you must make of it the bulwark of France," and Clavière scolds the General about his scruples. "Why make so much fuss with this little band of haberdashers and jobbers (*agioteurs*); I would throw Geneva into the lake by bombs, and invite the praiseworthy Cantons to fish it out." Although the whole population was animated by a patriotic spirit, and resolved to defend its independence, it was thought more prudent to save neutrality by letting the Swiss troops withdraw, whilst Montesquiou did as much as regarded his troops encamped before Geneva; but for this he was denounced in the Convention as a traitor corrupted by Genevese aristocrats, and obliged to fly for his life. French emissaries were introduced into the city, who got up a mob assembly styling themselves, "Assemblée Nationale Génèvoise," and a revolutionary tribunal was established, which condemned several of the most honourable citizens to death as aristocrats. Plunder and anarchy followed; the town, moreover, was besieged by French troops, until the famished inhabitants were obliged to surrender, and forced to express the wish to be united to France; and to the fate of France it was chained till Napoleon's sway came to an end.[1]

After the French troops had left the city, in December, 1813, a committee of twenty-two patriotic citizens took the government in their hands. Their first move was to send delegates to the Allied Sovereigns in order to apply for protection. Pictet was amongst them, and in this capacity made at Basle the acquaintance of the famous Baron Stein, who then was at the height of his influence and popularity, and at once told him that Geneva had to stick to Switzerland, and was to form a new canton of the Confederation. The delegates quite shared that opinion, but insisted that it was necessary to enlarge somewhat their territory in order to give Geneva a good frontier towards France and Savoy. This was promised in general terms; but, unfortunately, it was not definitively settled at this moment, although the three Sovereigns gave the most friendly assurances for the welfare of the Republic. In the meantime Pictet accepted the proposal of Stein, then chief of the Administration of the conquered territories, to remain with him as his secretary, thus being at the source of the great European questions and able to be useful to his country. In this capacity he followed the Allies in their French campaign, and became a very influential man; but the Emperor Alexander allowed himself to be led away by the flatteries of Talleyrand to show, before all, magnanimity towards the vanquished. The consequence was, for the Swiss, that the cession of the Pays de Gex, which had already been decided upon in principle, was revoked, and the question of an addition to their territory on the Savoy side remained in suspense. The first Treaty of Paris only stipulated that henceforth Geneva was to form an integral part of the Swiss Confederation. The negotiations in Paris and at the Congress of Vienna, which we can follow in Pictet's letters, are anything but edifying.[2] Statesmen and Sovereigns seemed to

[1] Napoleon disliked the Genevese; he thought them "too well informed, and too much dissatisfied (*frondeurs*)." When he heard of their defection, he threatened that they should pay dearly for their rebellion.

[2] Pictet speaks of "the sight which I have within my observation of certain usurped reputations, lost prestiges, great services rewarded by ungratefulness, neglected merits, and slandered virtues."

think much more of amusement than of affairs—besides, Lord Castlereagh was indifferent, Prince Metternich showed complete ignorance and his habitual levity, so that Prussia was left alone in supporting the Swiss claims. The union between the Allied Powers was soon broken by the disputes about Saxony and Poland, and Talleyrand with consummate ability availed himself of this breach for re-establishing the influence of France. It will always seem astounding that the other Powers allowed the iron front of Napoleon's former most unscrupulous Minister to assume the position of champion of legitimacy, playing a part to which the actual power of France gave not even a semblance of reality. But such being the case, and Talleyrand being particularly hostile to Geneva,[1] which had been annexed when he was Minister of Foreign Affairs under the Directory, Pictet soon saw that at Vienna their claims for the Pays de Gex had no chance. Talleyrand even tried to secure, by an underhand intrigue with the Sardinian Minister, the city of Carouge for France, which would have placed the French at the gates of Geneva, a manœuvre which, however, fell flat before the unanimous resistance of all the other Powers. The Genevese delegates in this condition had to struggle the more for obtaining a better southern frontier, and this they secured at last; the King of Sardinia consented to cede a number of villages to the Republic, and the Congress decided that the northern cantons of Savoy, Chablais, and Faucigny should enjoy the same neutrality as stipulated for Switzerland.

Fortunately the return of Napoleon ameliorated the position of Geneva; the second Treaty of Paris, 1815, stipulated the contiguity of the twenty-second canton with Switzerland by giving it six French communes, and the Treaty of Turin (March 16th, 1816) supplemented this arrangement by connecting with the territory of the Republic the former *enclaves* on the left shore of the lake.

Certainly this settlement did not achieve all that was to be desired for giving good strategical frontiers to Switzerland; the Allied Powers neglected to strike the iron when it was still hot, and afterwards showed culpable neglect by yielding to French intrigues. But this was assuredly not the fault of the Genevese delegates; on the contrary, in following the negotiations as set forth in this volume, one cannot but feel struck by the ability and tenacity of purpose with which they pursued their aim.

It has been said with truth that the importance of a diplomatist is the combined product of the power of the State which he represents and of the personal talent with which he serves the interests of his country. Pictet had no political power to second his efforts; he could only rely upon the intrinsic merits of his cause and the talent with which he defended it. This was universally acknowledged by the esteem with which he was treated. He took his place among the representatives of the Great Powers with the modesty becoming to his position, but with a firmness inspired by the cause which he defended. Initiated as he was in all the questions of that time, his correspondence and diaries are very instructive for the historian, and well worth perusing even for the general reader.[2] The more so as they have been excellently arranged by the editor, M. Edmond Pictet, who shows himself a perfect master of the materials from which this work has been compiled.

[1] The Marquis de Noailles had even the impudence to declare that Geneva might deem itself fortunate that the King of France had not asked to retain the territory of the Republic as a compensation for the surrender of Savoy, as if Louis XVIII. had been in a position to ask for anything, when he returned by the good-will of the Allied Powers! Personally, however, Talleyrand was polite to the Genevese delegates, inviting them frequently to dinner.

[2] The book abounds in curious anecdotes, amongst which we may quote some sayings of Talleyrand in an after-dinner conversation on Napoléon. "Bonaparte est l'homme le plus corrompu qui ait jamais vécu, c'est l'être le plus astucieux, le plus fourbe. Son essence était la ruse. Tout l'indiquait en lui. Lorsqu'il marche, tout son corps se meut comme un composé d'anneaux; il a la franchise des reptiles comme il en a la ruse." He also maintained that he was essentially a coward and constantly afraid of being assassinated.

LODGE'S HISTORY OF BOSTON.

Historic Towns: Boston. By Henry Cabot Lodge. London: Longmans.

Among American cities, Boston is that which best deserves to have its annals written. It is, if not quite the oldest settlement, yet the oldest which has been throughout and is still of any considerable note or consequence. It has played a greater part than any other in the history of the country. It has more conspicuously than any other embodied a definite spirit and tendency, which, although now greatly weakened, are not wholly extinct. It has given birth to, or has at least been associated with, by far the largest number of eminent men. In all these points it stands ahead of any British city except London and Edinburgh, and has, if we look only at the two and a half centuries which have passed since its foundation, few rivals among the cities of Continental Europe. The interest of its history, however, is almost purely political, social, and literary, scarcely at all municipal. We do not merely mean that it remained nothing more than a town, *i.e.*, a township governed by a primary assembly of all citizens (meeting, as a rule, only twice or thrice a year), and choosing its select men as executive officers, down to 1822, when it became organised as a city under a charter creating a Common Council and Board of Aldermen. What we mean is that the significance of its history lies not in events connected with its own municipal constitution and government, but in the part which its citizens played in the struggles of the State of Massachusetts and of the nation. Boston as a community was a potent factor in both of these; but the internal conflicts of her own government, both before and since she obtained incorporation as a city, offer, until recent years, comparatively little to engage the reader's attention.

Founded in 1630, Boston quickly outstripped the older settlements of Plymouth and Salem, and soon grew, in respect of her good harbour, her advantageous site on an easily defensible peninsula, and her central position in the middle of the eastern coast of the colony, to be not only the largest, but in every way the leading town in Massachusetts. She shared in the early vicissitudes of the colony; suffered through losses of her inhabitants during the great Indian war, though the enemy never reached her own walls; was convulsed by ecclesiastical strife; persecuted witches, though much less fiercely than Salem did; and, as being the seat of government, was specially concerned in the struggle which Massachusetts maintained for its rights of self-government under the last Stuarts. When the colonies began to resent the proceedings of George III.'s ministers, Boston, being then the foremost town on the whole American coast, bore a leading part in the resistance, and was the scene of some of the most dramatic incidents that marked the outbreak of the Revolution. She suffered heavily in the first fighting of the war; but after her evacuation by Howe, in March, 1776, was left at rest during the hostilities of the years that followed. Mr. Lodge tells us that the great majority of the leading families were Tories, attached to the British connection, and that most of these departed with the British troops. Their places were filled by an influx of new but respectable families from the surrounding country; and so it came to pass that though Boston continued to have an aristocracy, that which flourished from 1776 onwards was a sort of second growth, but slightly related in blood to the magnates who had disappeared with Howe. Reduced by the siege of 1776 to a population of little more than ten thousand, the town began slowly to recover, increased her commerce rapidly during the great war between France and England, suffered terribly by Jefferson's embargo, recovered rapidly after the peace of 1814, and in 1821 decided that her forty thousand people required a regular municipal government. The sixty years since then have brought four great changes

with them. One is the large addition to the area of the city made by the reclamation of land from shallow waters which washed the north-west shore of the peninsula. A second is an enormous increase of population. Boston has now nearly half a million inhabitants within her municipal limits, and another half million in the adjoining cities and towns, which have become virtually her suburbs. The third is the change in the character of the population, one-half of which now consists of persons of foreign birth or parentage. Of these the large majority are Irish. And the fourth is the vast accumulation of wealth in the hands of the upper commercial class, which has made Boston one of the most important centres of capital in North America, one might almost say, in the world. Of the money which has been invested in land schemes, in mines, and above all in railways, in the West, a very large part comes from Boston. With the expansion of her population, Boston has had to encounter the usual transatlantic evils of municipal government. Mr. Lodge, though he refers to these evils, passes very lightly over them, perhaps because his own political eminence in Massachusetts imposes on him a certain reticence; but as they seem to have been full of instruction this silence is much to be regretted. One would like to know what experiments have been tried in an exceptionally intelligent and public-spirited city to check the now too familiar mischiefs that flow from the vote of ignorant masses, and how far these experiments, which have been numerous in America, have succeeded in the most historic of American cities.

With this serious omission, Mr. Lodge has discharged his function as chronicler in a very satisfactory way. He writes clearly and agreeably, avoiding partisanship, though himself a keen party man; and he is thoroughly at home in the history of his State. We could have wished he had given us more about the town and city as an organised community, and somewhat less about the general course of history; and we should have liked in particular fuller details as to the topography of old Boston and the process of its growth. However, the book is a good one, not unworthy of the high reputation which its author has won in the field of historical letters.

LATIN LITERATURE.

Teuffel's History of Roman Literature. Revised and enlarged by Ludwig Schwabe. Authorised translation from the fifth German edition. By George C. W. Warr, M.A., Professor of Classical Literature in King's College, London. London: Bell & Sons. Vol. I., 1891; Vol. II., 1892.

"Teuffel's History of Roman Literature" is by far the fullest manual of the subject in existence. It was first translated into English in 1873, by Dr. Wilhelm Wagner. Since that time the German original has, in successive editions, grown both in volume and in importance. The appearance of a revised English translation from the fifth edition is evidence not only of the interest felt in the subject by English scholars and students, but also of the high value which they set upon Teuffel's work. It is evidence also, to a certain extent, of the fact that, whether by choice or necessity, we are beginning to acquiesce in a treatment of literary history which may be characterised as German rather than French or English. The main element in this treatment is not criticism of style or the exhibition of historical sequence, but knowledge of facts. The beginning of the nineteenth century was the age rather of genius than of research; at least, research was then to a great extent inspired by genius. The end of the nineteenth century has little really good to show in the way of serious imaginative writing. Our serious effort is thrown rather into the work of collecting facts, the materials for a new synthesis, which, it is to be hoped, a distant future may perhaps bring into being.

In point of form, Teuffel's work resembles that of his predecessors in the same walk, Bähr and Bernhardy. The history and criticism are set out in large print in an interrupted series of paragraphs. The interruption is caused by the insertion after each paragraph of a mass of notes, in which the evidence is quoted of the statements made in the text, and references are given to the most im portant modern works bearing upon that evidence. This being the system once for all accepted in Germany, it is plain that, as time goes on, the bulk of subsidiary notes must increase, until it tends to throw the original matter into the shade. As the present edition of Teuffel's work by Schwabe brings the references up to date, and hardly omits the mention of anything, great or small, recently written on Latin literature, it is not too much to say that the book is valuable more as a store of learned information than as a literary history in the proper sense. At no time, indeed, was criticism the strong point of Teuffel's book. His own remarks are confined to a sober and necessary *minimum*. His work is not so much a history as a collection of materials for history: a chronological dictionary of Latin literature. But by a careful reading of the ancient authorities cited in Teuffel's notes, a student will be able to form for himself a very sound notion of what ancient Latin literature was, of the thing produced and the world that produced it. And this is much. An original impression based upon the evidence, even if it never takes shape in writing, is worth a great deal. The German book before us is at least written with full knowledge; our tendency in England is to write before we think, and to think before we know.

Apart from the great works illustrating Roman law, the structure of which rose upon the foundation of the ancient *formulæ* by the continual accumulation of precedent on precedent, Latin literature was great in the two lines of poetry and oratory. Whether, as Teuffel will have it, dramatic poetry was the strong point of the Latins, there is not evidence now to determine. But too much, we think, is made by the historian of what Cicero calls the *gravitas* and *constantia* of the Romans as unfavourable to their literature. When Cicero, at the beginning of his "Tusculan Disputations," lays stress upon these qualities, he is thinking of the Greeks, and their want of seriousness and persistency in public life. The Italian character, it must be remembered (though the Latin writers do not dwell on this point), had passion enough in it to produce a style of poetry and oratory all its own. Or will it be denied that fire and intensity were lacking to Gaius Gracchus, the younger Scipio, Lucretius, Catullus, Cicero, Tacitus? It may well be that there was less restraint and classical tone in the best speeches addressed to the republican senate of Rome than in those listened to by the Athenian *ecclesia* in its great days.

For history and philosophy, in the proper sense of those words, the Romans had little serious turn. As for history, they had a far too deep-seated belief in their own greatness, their religious feeling, their mission of victory tempered with mercy, their genius for government, their ideas of political freedom, and the rest, to require any written proof of these qualities. Their historians were called upon, not to demonstrate facts, but to adorn literature. In philosophy it was perhaps impossible, under the circumstances, that Italy should improve much upon what had been done by Greece. The Greeks had gone far towards exhausting the metaphysical *formulæ* which were adequate to the then existing state of knowledge. Nothing short of an entirely new intellectual departure would have started philosophy upon a new course.

It was, then, the sense of form, of classical beauty, which governed the development of Latin literature. The passion for the national literature and for its improvement, which inspired the thoughts of men like Cicero and Livy, had its reward. One of the most beautiful languages ever spoken was brought to perfection by their efforts. This language was the instrument through which a new poetry and prose spoke

to the world, communicating things new and old, new and wider ideas of politics and life, old forms of philosophy in a fresh garb, destined to be inherited and absorbed by the mind of Western Europe.

This seems, speaking very briefly, to be the general course of Latin literary history. Those who wish to study it in the original authorities can wish for no safer guide than Dr. Teuffel.

It only remains to be said of Professor Warr's translation that, so far as we have examined it, it appears to be perfectly scholarly and faithful, and in all respects a great improvement upon Dr. Wagner's rendering of 1873. It is, however, to be wished that Mr. Warr had entirely cleared his English style of Germanisms. Sueh expressions as *scoptic* for *jocular* or *satirical*, *high-tone* for *acute accent*, *beast-fable* for *fable of animal life*, *corporal peculiarities* for *personal peculiarities*, are neither English nor German: they belong, indeed, to no language whatever.

PHYSICS IN THEORY AND APPLICATION.

Popular Lectures and Addresses. By Sir William Thomson, LL.D., F.R.S., F.R.S.E., etc. Vol. i.—Constitution of Matter (second edition). Vol. iii.—Navigational Affairs. London: Macmillan & Co.

"Good wine needs no bush," and a book on scientific subjects by the first Lord Kelvin is above criticism. We like, however, to know beforehand what the vintage is even when we have every confidence in our host's cellar. The first of these volumes is a reprint of the first edition, which appeared two years ago, with the addition of a note by Lord Rayleigh on the thickness of oil films required to check the motion of camphor in water, and a recantation by the author of a view previously expressed about the ultimate motion of elastic molecules.

The third volume is essentially practical, and occasionally somewhat technical; it will, however, appeal to a large class of readers who don't care how big an atom is or how long the sun has been hot. We can strongly recommend this book as a travelling-companion to anyone undertaking a voyage, even if it should exclude the latest popular novel. Its lucid pages will explain many things on shipboard that have been mysteries to him before, as well as draw his attention to others previously unnoticed. Whether he is interested in the causes of the tide which is carrying the ship out of port, or the art by which the pilot guides her through an intricate channel, or the formation of the beautiful waves which he sees in the ship's wake, it is all here. When the excitement of betting on the ship's run begins to pall, he may get up the method of "dead reckoning" by the Massey or the Dutchman's log, or he may read the clear explanation of Captain Sumner's method of determining the ship's position. Many an old sailor would be the wiser for reading it, and still more so if he adopted it. From a single altitude observation we can determine a certain circle—a "Sumner" line—on which the ship lies. To facilitate the practice of Sumner's method, Lord Kelvin has himself prepared tables for use at sea.

Another proof that the author can take up no subject, practical or otherwise, without effecting improvements in it is supplied by his mariner's compass. When his attention was drawn to it in 1874 by a request from the editor of *Good Words* to write an article on it, he found the compasses in use so unsatisfactory that, rather than describe them, he postponed the completion of the article for five years—in fact, until he had remedied their defects. One very serious defect was "liveliness"—*i.e.*, unsteadiness. The proper remedy for this was to make the time of swing longer. How little this was known was shown by the fact that the Admiralty "J" card (for use in stormy weather) was weighted near its centre, so that the friction on the bearing point was increased. Other methods were, making the bearing point blunt by means of a hammer, and filling the bowl with brick-dust. These are hardly less scientific than the Admiralty method. Sir W. Thomson obtained the required result by using needles of small magnetic moment, and consequently swinging slowly, attached to a very light card, so that the friction at the pivot was very small. The weight of his card is only about a seventeenth that of the ordinary 10-inch compass. In connection with the compass some highly interesting extracts from Captain Creak's recently published paper, "The Mariner's Compass in Modern Vessels of War," are given. It had been observed for some time that on approaching shore in certain localities the compass was liable to extraordinary disturbances Doubt had been cast on this fact, as it seemed impossible that any magnetic rocks in the visible land could produce appreciable disturbances; it had been overlooked that the disturbances might be due to magnetic rocks very near, but submerged sufficiently for the largest vessels to sail over them. That this is the true explanation is now established by the detailed observations made from H.M.S. *Medea* in 1885 near the port of Cossack in North Australia, and in the same place by H.M.S. *Penguin* last November. The compass needle of the *Medea* was deflected through as much as 30° over a distance of half a mile when sailing in eight fathoms of water, with the visible land three miles off. The greatest deflection in the case of the *Penguin* was 50°, and the centre of disturbance a little over a mile from the *Medea's*.

Another great practical improvement effected by the author is the substitution of pianoforte wire for hempen rope for sounding purposes; deep-sea sounding, we mean. By using the wire, a sounding can be taken in a much shorter time; for moderate depths, the ship may steam ahead at ten or twelve knots while the line is being got on board. Sounding at 2,000 fathoms by the new method is easier and surer than at 500 fathoms by the old; also depths up to 4,000 fathoms, quite unattainable by means of rope, can be sounded by the wire. The immense advantage in being able to take soundings rapidly and surely is so obvious that it seems strange even to one accustomed to the ways of the Admiralty that the *Challenger* should have been allowed to go to sea without the wire, even though the author had assured the Admiralty of its success. "When you have your apparatus perfected we may be willing to try it," was the reply. The proposal was treated by the American Navy Department in a very different spirit.

How often have we smiled pityingly when our non-scientific friends have spoken about the influence of the moon on the weather. But, like that of Horatio, our philosophy has been too narrow, and we may learn a little humility when we read that we were wrong after all. As far back as 1841, Dr. Rattray, of the surveying ship *Fly*, noticed that gales were remarkably prevalent in the neighbourhood of Torres Straits when the moon was new, and when it was full. He also noticed that at spring tides a very large area of coral-reef was uncovered at low water, and, becoming highly heated, produced the gales in question. This shows that the moon in some localities has an indirect effect on the weather. To those who are acquainted with the tides of North-West Europe only, where the semi-diurnal tide is the all-important one, the results deduced from Staff-Commander Archdeacon's observations at Fremantle, Western Australia, will be very interesting. Here, at certain seasons, the diurnal tide predominates over the semi-diurnal, and the differences of mean-level are so great that the low-waters of March and April are generally higher than the high-waters of September and October.

Perhaps the most interesting lecture of all is the most recent. It was read before the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, and gives an account of the waves seen in the wake of a ship. We learn that, alas! the pleasure we feel in watching the ever-lengthening procession of waves must be paid for.

"We can't eat our cake and have it," which is an old-fashioned way of enunciating the conservation of energy. More than fifty years ago, a horse employed to draw one of the fly-boats on the Glasgow and Ardrossan Canal discovered that it was much easier to draw the boat at a certain rate, or above it, than below it. Mr. Scott Russell showed that this critical rate is that of the propagation of the "long" wave in the canal. When this rate is exceeded, the resistance is diminished, and the canal banks are no longer devastated by the wash, but the beautiful waves have disappeared. In the formation of the procession of waves, energy was consumed, and the resistance was consequently greater.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD'S NEW POEMS.

POTIPHAR'S WIFE, AND OTHER POEMS. By Sir Edwin Arnold. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1892.

WHATEVER else may be said of Sir Edwin Arnold's poetry, it always succeeds when it deals with outlandish subjects in producing an illusion of strangeness.

"Red lilies glitter in the grass,"

and the Musmee trips along with her

"smooth soft cheeks
Carved out of sun-burned ivory";

while her

"girdle holds her silver pipe,
And heavy swing her long silk sleeves,
With cakes, love-letters, *mikan* ripe,
Small change, musk-bag, and writing leaves."

So marked is this novelty in the larger portion of Sir Edwin's new volume, that it conceals the characteristic defects of his verse—its diffuseness and indifferent ease. The Egyptian and Japanese *vers de société* are among the most delightful things Sir Edwin has done. "To a Pair of Egyptian Slippers" is a right pendant to Smith's "Address to an Egyptian Mummy." With less pomp and more familiarity than the older poem it suggests a domestic Egypt of *trousseaux* and parlour-games—the country which Robert Louis Stevenson's little friend wished to visit,

"And in a corner find the toys
Of the old Egyptian boys;"

and the moralising is not too severe.

"But vainly I beat at the bars of the Past,
Little green slippers with golden strings!
For all you can tell is that leather will last
When loves, and delightings, and beautiful things
Have vanished, forgotten—No! not quite that!
I catch some gleam of the grace you wore
When you finished with Life's daily pit-a-pat,
And left your shoes at Death's bedroom door."

This is very pleasant, in spite of the too sudden transition from an apostrophe of the shoes to an apostrophe of their wearer. Is there not also an indistinctness of meaning in the last line? Surely the lady died in her own bedroom!

"And Death took your shoes from your bedroom door,"

would have a recognisable significance, though still unsatisfactory.

"The Grateful Foxes" is a Japanese story in the Japanese manner. The fox in Japanese fable must be only a Highland cousin of the European Reynard: undistinguished in craft, the only quality he has in common with his occidental relation is medicinal. From the time of Pliny the fox was for several centuries a panacea. His flesh, his blood, his lungs, his liver, his lights, powdered or baked or boiled, were sovereign remedies for wounds and bruises and putrefying sores, and all internal diseases. In Japan also his liver "sliced and dried, and well powdered down," was "sovereign physic for a fever brew." (How does one cure a brew? Sir Edwin yields too easily to the exigencies of rhyme.) Therefore when the beautiful O Haru San fell ill, a fox was required. The hunters failed to secure one but at last a dog-fox was found lying dead with the following inscription round his neck:—

"'Tis my husband here:
For his child he gives his liver
To the princess dear:
I, his very lowly wife, have brought it."

The princess had once saved a fox-cub from the tender mercies of some ragamuffin boys. We must not forget to remark on the heroic conduct of the common soldier, Itô. When all the other watchers at the princess's bedside had fallen asleep through enchantment, he kept himself awake by plunging a dagger into his thigh, and giving it a twist whenever he felt drowsy. By this means he detected a were-wolf in the act of sucking O Haru San's breath, and wrung from it the secret of the cure. Remembering the vigour of Japanese art, one is not surprised at Itô's vigorous anti-soporific.

Of the delightful "'No' Dance" it is almost needless to speak; from its recent appearance in the *Contemporary Review* it is quite fresh in the memories of all who care for verse. It is "good" to have watched O Tsuru San

"Deftly pace this with little lifted feet
Shod in the white silk *tabi*."

The measure and the treatment of the title-poem suggest comparison with Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis"; but there is an open-air frankness in the purely animal love of Venus which is quite absent from the chamber wantonness of Asenath. The subject is treated with some firmness, and there are admirable descriptive passages in "Potiphar's Wife," but we very much prefer the lighter poems: they well sustain Sir Edwin's reputation.

FICTION.

1. GRANIA: The Story of an Island. By the Hon. Emily Lawless. Two vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1892.
2. MISS MEREWETHER'S MONEY. By Thomas Cobb. Two vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1892.
3. DUNWELL PARVA. By Reginald Lucas. One vol. London and New York: Frederick Warne & Co. 1892.

"FOR the rest," writes Miss Lawless, at the conclusion of her dedicatory note to "Grania," "they are but melancholy places, these Aran Isles of ours. . . . and the following pages have caught their full share—something, perhaps, more than their full share—of that gloom. That this is an artistic fault no one can doubt: yet there are times—are there not?—when it does not seem so very easy to exaggerate the amount of gloom which life is any day and every day quite willing to bestow." Indeed, "Grania" is a sad—a finely pathetic story; but its author need not fear that it is inartistic. There is in it no trace of exaggeration, no sign of strain, no clumsy accumulation of adjectives, no hyphenated hysterical writing. It has the same truth as a picture by Millet and the same poetry. It is written with a calmness and sanity that carry conviction with them.

The scene of the story is in Inishmaan, the central island of the group. The Aran Isles are not favoured by Nature. They are composed absolutely of rock; there is no earth but what has been placed there artificially and laboriously; warmth and sunlight, that make other lands bright, are not welcome here. Fine weather means ruin to the Aranite:—

"The earth, so laboriously collected, begins to crack; his wells—there are practically no streams—run dry; his beasts perish before his eyes; his potatoes lie out bare and half-baked upon the stones; his oats—these are not cut, but plucked bodily by hand out of the sands—wither to the ground; he has no stock, nothing to send to the mainland in return for those necessaries which he gets from there, nothing to pay his rent with; worse than all, he has actually to fetch the water he requires to drink in casks and barrels from the opposite shore."

The nature of the hero of the story, Murdough

Blake, is as barren and arid as these "wind-worn, wind-tormented islands." We are told that in this he was not exceptional. He was betrothed to the heroine Grania O'Malley. He had no romantic feeling about it; he was not in love with her; he did not make love to her. "Physiologically—you would have said to look at him—he was of the very material out of which an emotional animal is made, and yet—explain the matter how you like—he was not in the least an emotional animal, or rather his emotional activity was used up in quite other directions than the particular form called love-making." Miss Lawless refers to the theory that love would be less felt if it were less talked about. In Ireland love is not discussed, and marriages are very much matters of arrangement—commercial arrangement. But, as it happened, Grania O'Malley was by no means particular: stifled though she was by the restraints which prevailed—the conventional customs that did not permit of an outburst of affection even from a wife to her husband—she loved Murdough Blake intensely, ardently. He was lazy, drunken, extravagant, in some ways cowardly; she had endurance, courage, great physical strength, devotion to a sense of right. She was not treated lovingly by him, though he was betrothed to her; she knew and hated his vices; but yet he was good to look at, and she loved him. The struggle and storm in Grania's heart are admirably described and illustrated. She knew nothing by hearsay or observation of love, and her own experiences puzzled her. This—the main thread of the story—is connected with sentiment, but "Grania" could not be called a sentimental book, there is nothing morbid about it. It is a work of singular beauty and pathos. Its conclusion is unhappy, from the conventional point of view, but we fancy that no happier conclusion could, artistically, have been devised. The note of restrained sadness which is the key-note of the whole story reminds us of the work of Mr. Gissing. But "Grania" is more poetical and less sordid.

It is a little irritating to turn from "Grania" to such a book as "Miss Merewether's Money": for although the latter is not artistic work, we would not do less than justice to the mean little merits it possesses, and "Grania" is just the book to make a reader thoroughly impatient of the average novel. "Miss Merewether's Money" depends for its chief attraction upon its ingenuity, and we own at once that the idea on which the story turns is devised and worked out with a certain cunning. Many of its characters seem to have been suggested by people in the novels of Dickens. One can trace the effects of "Great Expectations," "Martin Chuzzlewit," "David Copperfield"; we do not dream of implying that there is any direct plagiarism, but "Miss Merewether's Money" certainly seems to have been influenced by recollections. There is no fresh observation, and indeed, in more than one place, in dealing with real life the author shows marked and considerable ignorance. The weakest spot in the story arises from the great improbability that the heroine, a girl of high character, would conceal her part in what was only a well-meant practical joke, when by such concealment she exposes the hero, whom she loves, to a charge of theft, and leads Miss Merewether to do just exactly what the heroine does not wish her to do. However, in spite of its inconsistencies and improbabilities, "Miss Merewether's Money" is a story with a plot, a cunning plot, and for that reason will find its readers. Yet, if the book is to rank merely as a puzzle, we must point out that it is published in two volumes and sold at the normal price, whereas better puzzles may be purchased in the street for one penny.

We have to expect that many such books as "Dunwell Parva" will yet appear. The fashion of the story with a religious purpose dies hard, and we have no reason to believe that the popularity of Miss Edna Lyall has at present decreased. We should imagine that the religious or ethical novel can now be written with a certain facility. You take an Agnostic—a Socialist will do equally well—argue with him, put him into very hot water, make him suffer, strain off his political or irreligious opinions, and serve cold. There is no particular reason why this kind of story should not be written, as long as its authors do not imagine that it has anything whatever to do with literature. We can even conceive of the nursery or schoolroom where it might, ethically, be beneficial, although we doubt if any permanent good is to be expected from a moral lesson which depends for its force on the experiences of imaginary characters. Sooner or later the reader is bound to see that those experiences, the ground of the lesson, are only made-up and not real, and the lesson, excellent though it may be, loses all conviction. However, "Dunwell Parva" is not a bad specimen of its class, although we do not care for the class. It is distinctly less dull than "Donovan"; its moral lesson has a liberal coating of romance, pleasantly and impressively told. It is just the kind of book that, if it had not wanted to do good, might have done it.

THE JOCKEY CLUB.

THE JOCKEY CLUB AND ITS FOUNDERS IN THREE PERIODS. By Robert Black, M.A., Author of "Horse Racing in France," etc. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

THE object of this work, as the author tells us in his preface, is to present a sketch, historical and biographical, of the Jockey Club and its members, its acquisition and exercise of authority, and its principal legislative work from its foundation to the present day. The writer has obviously taken great pains to verify the statements, and a good story from Horace Walpole is told to illustrate the necessity of accuracy. Two highly connected Members of Parliament, both, however, "addicted to gambling and rioting," had been thrown into prison in Paris on account of some very disreputable conduct. The Speaker vigorously denounced the club to which they belonged, which was regarded as the nursing mother of aristocratic gamblers and reprobates, but Lord Coke, who seems to have been specially addressed as the supposed arch-priest of the club, turned the tables by observing that neither of the gentlemen who were the object of Mr. Speaker's violent denunciation was a member of the club, but both, he believed, were Members of the House of Commons. Mr. Black has accordingly been at great pains to verify all his statements.

Quite a formidable list of books of a very varied character is given in the preface, comprising the chief authorities to which the author has referred. These include, in addition to works devoted to racing matters, the "Calendar of State Papers," "Horace Walpole's Letters," "Cobbett's Parliamentary History," and "Hansard's Debates."

The "History of the Club" is divided into three periods, the first beginning with 1750, when its existence first received public notice in the *Sporting Calendar*. In those days it would appear that the Club had no particular programme, its main purpose being to enable its members to have a good time at Newmarket. The story how the Jockey Club first obtained a local habitation and laid the foundation of the work of turf legislation is told in the sixth chapter, which concludes the first period. The second period extends from 1773 to 1835, when for the first time was published that list of members of the Jockey Club which has ever since been annual. The third period is from 1835 to the present time. Many are the amusing anecdotes and curious pieces of information which are to be found in this volume. Thus we are told of a provision in Lord Chesterfield's will that if his successor should keep race-horses or hounds or resort to Newmarket races, etc., he should forfeit £5,000 to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster—a body specially chosen by the testator because he had found them so hard that they would be sure to exact the penalty to the utmost farthing. We hear of the "high jinks" of His Royal Highness about 1790, when he would post to Newmarket with the illustrious Charles James Fox (the statesman and orator), one on the near leader, the other on the near wheeler of the four horses, with the two jolly post-boys inside, and doubtless reflecting that it is "a mad world, my masters." We learn how Sir John Lade, to whom Dr. Johnson addressed some severe verses on his coming of age, managed to win a wager that he would carry a big man twice round the Steyne at Brighton by ingeniously alleging at the last moment that the bargain was to carry the man, but not his clothes, and calling on him to strip. In the conclusion of the work, Mr. Black very freely expresses his opinion of the shortcomings of the Jockey Club until it takes for its motto "Delenda est Corona," and ceases to give facilities to the Ring for plying its questionable trade; it is, Mr. Black considers, ridiculous to expect that it will obtain from the Legislature the charter which is complacently claimed for it. The work is certainly pleasant reading, and is, in many respects, instructive.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

PIERRE LOTI's exquisitely tender "Book of Pity and of Death" has just been rendered into English—with, on the whole, remarkable success and sympathetic insight—by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P. It is a supremely difficult task to reflect the grace of the fashion of a writer like Pierre Loti in our comparatively prosaic mother tongue, for French is pre-eminently the language of sentiment, and sentiment of a subtle and imaginative kind pervades this charming volume. Mr. O'Connor has not altogether surmounted the difficulty, for he is occasionally betrayed into bold and inadequate expressions which scarcely convey the delicate shades of meaning of the original. Yet this translation is able, and is certain to prove welcome to those who cannot read the French text for themselves. Pierre Loti at the outset states that the book is more his real self than anything which he has hitherto written, and it is easy to trace on every page the formative influence of his own individuality. The lights and shadows of existence, the pathos and passion of human struggle and endeavour, and the baffled power of love in the presence of the tragedy of death, are all depicted in that apparently unpremeditated and artless way which is the perfection of art. There are passages in the book which are slightly morbid, and Pierre Loti sometimes lingers to the verge of exaggeration on some plaintive note, but the book is nevertheless charged with true and deep emotion, and only those who are quite indifferent to the finer sympathies of life could possibly read a sketch like "Aunt Claire leaves us" without responsive feeling. There are other sketches in this choice volume which reveal a deep and almost startling acquaintance with phases of life with which neither poets nor moralists usually intermeddle. The "Story of Two Cats," for instance, is not at first sight a very promising theme, and yet ere it closes Pierre Loti's spell is upon the reader, and the final impression left by the record is, by virtue of its delicacy no less than its depth, a veritable triumph of art.

The characteristics of "The Royal Guide to the London Charities," a handbook of reference so long associated with the name of Herbert Fry, are so well known that it is almost enough merely to chronicle the appearance of the twenty-eighth annual edition. In less than three hundred pages a clear and concise account is given of a vast number of benevolent institutions, such as hospitals, orphanages, convalescent homes, asylums, almshouses, industrial schools, and the like, which are continually proving themselves to be havens of refuge to the sick and destitute poor of the metropolis. It is gratifying to learn that the Hospital Sunday Fund appears at length to be thoroughly established, and that the revenue derived from it grows in magnitude; at the same time there is no question whatever that neither this freewill offering, nor that gathered in the public streets on Hospital Saturday at all realise what they might do if the spirit of self-sacrifice was abroad in our midst.

The group of manuals which Messrs. Methuen are publishing under the general title of "The University Extension Series," promises in time to prove of distinct value to young students. The aim of the series is ambitious, and embraces historical, literary, and scientific problems. Professor Vivian Lewes, of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, is responsible for the latest volume—a singularly lucid, but, at the same time, strictly scientific, exposition of the properties of "Air and Water." The book is avowedly intended to bring before its readers the wonderful changes and play of forces which are constantly at work in the atmosphere, and it also seeks to explain the relations of water to temperature, its influence upon climate, the formation of rain and the causes which produce it, the sources of its supply, and other kindred points. The vital relationships which exist between fresh air and uncontaminated water on the one hand, and human health on the other, are admirably enforced, and the whole subject is rendered still more intelligible to those who know little of natural science, by the skill with which Professor Lewes without recourse to technicalities or the jargon of the schools illustrates his theme.

Mr. Whymper's treatise, "How to Use the Aneroid Barometer," is the outcome of experiences in high altitudes and research in the workshop which have extended over a period of eleven years. He has tested the aneroid against the mercurial barometer under varied conditions of time and pressure, and by means of tabular statements he makes in these pages the results of his investigations perfectly clear. All aneroids, it appears, lose upon the mercurial barometer when submitted to diminished pressure, and when much-diminished pressure is maintained continuously the loss, as a rule, continues to augment during several weeks, and sometimes grows to a considerable amount. On the other hand, when pressure is restored, all aneroids recover a portion of the loss which has previously occurred, and in many instances they gain a greater amount than they had originally lost under diminution of pressure.

The letters which Mr. Arnold-Forster wrote to the *Times* towards the close of last year have just been reprinted as a pamphlet with the title "Our Home Army." The book is not pleasant reading for the British taxpayer, and the detailed charges which are laid at the door of the War Office are the reverse of creditable to the highly-paid officials who are supposed to devote all their energies to the efficient working and control of that department in the public service. Mr. Arnold-Forster is not the man to bring railing accusations which he cannot prove; and, as he states in the spirited preface he has added to this volume, he has "deliberately committed" himself to many pages of facts and figures, by which he is prepared to stand. He further claims that he has not written hastily or carelessly, and adds that he is "far too deeply impressed with the responsibilities involved in making public charges of a serious nature" to neglect any precaution which might shield him from error or inaccuracy. In his own words, the whole point of his case turns on the fact that the "abuses of our Army system are perfectly well known to every officer in the service; that they are the commonplaces of military discussion; and that it is just because they are so obvious and notorious that officers are beginning to despair of ever being relieved from them." Briefly put, the charge which Mr. Arnold-Forster makes is that our Home Army is inefficient, and that to a startling degree, and that the present system and organisation is directly responsible for so lamentable a state of affairs. No unprejudiced person can, we think, read the detailed facts which are brought forward and urged in support of this contention without coming to the conclusion that a remarkably strong case is at all events made out, not merely to justify, but to demand a searching and authoritative investigation. The author has added suggestions for remedying some of the defects to which he has called public attention, but the most which he claims on behalf of a civilian's constructive hints is that they are at least consistent with common sense. The burden of responsibility of course rests upon other shoulders, and those who are directly entrusted with the control of the Army ought surely to be able to render it efficient. Meanwhile, it is well that daylight should be let in upon a system which soldiers, at least, have long known to be notoriously at fault.

Amongst recent reprints which we have received are "A Book of Golden Deeds," one of the most popular of the group known as the "Golden Treasury" Series. The volume was first published nearly thirty years ago, and it has since been reprinted no less than twelve times. Miss Yonge recounts in its pages many impressive instances of heroism and self-sacrifice in actual life, but we wish that she had taken the present opportunity of showing that the annals of the last quarter of a century abound—to a remarkable degree—in examples of the highest forms of courage and self-abnegation.—Archdeacon Farrar's "Silence and Voices of God" consists, for the most part, of sermons preached before the University of Cambridge; and it may be here dismissed as a characteristic product of a facile pen.—Two new volumes—the fifth and sixth in an edition of twelve—of the "Bijou Byron" have also appeared within the last few days. They contain "The Giaour," "The Bride of Abydos," "The Corsair," "Lara," "The Siege of Corinth," "The Prisoner of Chillon," "Beppo," and a few of the lesser poems. The notes are brief, but admirable, and cover a wide field of critical knowledge and illustrative comment. The little volumes are choicely printed, and very convenient in arrangement and size.

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* THE BOOK OF PITY AND OF DEATH. By Pierre Loti. Translated by T. P. O'Connor, M.P. London, Paris, and Melbourne: Cassell & Co. Crown 8vo. (5s.)

HERBERT FRY'S ROYAL GUIDE TO THE LONDON CHARITIES, 1890-91. Edited by John Lane. London, Piccadilly: Chatto & Windus. Crown 8vo. (1s. 6d.)

AIR AND WATER. By Vivian B. Lewes, F.I.C., F.C.S. Illustrated. (University Extension Series.) London: Methuen & Co., 18, Bury Street. Crown 8vo. (2s. 6d.)

HOW TO USE THE ANEROID BAROMETER. By Edward Whymper. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. Demy 8vo. (2s. 6d.)

OUR HOME ARMY. By H. O. Arnold-Forster. London, Paris, and Melbourne: Cassell & Co. Crown 8vo. (1s.)

A BOOK OF GOLDEN DEEDS. By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 12mo. (2s. 6d.)

THE SILENCE AND THE VOICES OF GOD, WITH OTHER SERMONS. By F. W. Farrar, D.D. London: Macmillan & Co. Crown 8vo. (3s. 6d.)

THE BIJOU BYRON. Vols. V. and VI. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co., Limited. 12mo. Paper covers. (1s. each volume, nett.)

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